

pity', who were the most zealous to condemn him'. The king himself went to the house of lords', and spoke for some time in his defence': but the spirit of vengeance', which had been chained for eleven years', was now roused'; and nothing but his blood could give the people satisfaction'. He was condemned by both houses of parliament'; and nothing remained but for the king to give his consent to the bill of attainder'.

5 But in the present commotions', the consent of the king' would very easily be dispensed with'; and imminent danger might attend his refusal'. Charles', however', who loved Strafford tenderly', hesitated', and seemed reluctant'; trying every expedient to put off so dreadful an office', as that of signing the warrant for his execution'. While he continued in this agitation of mind', and state of suspense', his doubts were at last silenced by an act of great magnanimity in the condemned lord'.

6 He received a letter from that unfortunate nobleman', desiring that his life might be made a sacrifice to obtain reconciliation between the king' and his people': adding', that he was prepared to die'; and that to a willing mind', there could be no injury'. This instance of noble generosity' was but ill repaid by his master', who complied with his request'. He consented to sign the fatal bill by commission', and Strafford was beheaded on Tower-hill', behaving with all that composed dignity of resolution', which was expected from his character'.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

An eminent instance of true fortitude.

ALL who have been distinguished as servants of God', or benefactors of men'; all who', in perilous situations', have acted their part with such honour as to render their names illustrious through succeeding ages', have been eminent for fortitude of mind'. Of this we have one conspicuous example in the apostle Paul', whom it will be instructive for us to view in a remarkable occurrence of his life'.

2 After having long acted as the apostle of the Gentiles' his mission called him to go to Jerusalem', where he knew that he was to encounter the utmost violence of his enemies'. Just before he set sail', he called together the elders of his favourite church at Ephesus', and', in a pathetic speech', which does great honour to his character', gave them his last farewell'. Deeply affected by their knowledge of the certain dangers to which he was exposing himself', all the assembly were filled with distress', and melted into tears'.

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3 The circumstances were such', as might have conveyed dejection even into a resolute mind'; and would have totally overwhelmed the feeble'. "They all wept sore', and fell on Paul's neck', and kissed him'; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spoke', that they should see his face no more'." —What were then the sentiments', what was the language', of this great' and good man'? Hear the words which spoke his firm' and undaunted mind'.

4 "Behold', I go bound in the spirit', to Jerusalem', not knowing the things that shall befall me there'; save that the Holy Spirit witnesseth in every city', saying', that bonds' and afflictions' abide me'. But none of these things move me'; neither count I my life dear to myself', so that I might finish my course with joy', and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus', to testify the gospel of the grace of God'."

5 There was uttered the voice', there breathed the spirit', of a brave' and virtuous man'. Such a man knows not what it is to shrink from danger', when conscience points out his path'. In that path he is determined to walk', let the consequences be what they may'. This was the magnanimous behaviour of that great apostle', when he had persecution' and distress' full in view'.

6 Attend now to the sentiments of the same excellent man', when the time of his last suffering approached'; and remark the majesty', and the ease', with which he looked on death'. "I am now ready to be offered', and the time of my departure is at hand'. I have fought the good fight'. I have finished my course'. I have kept the faith'. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness'."

7 How many years of life does such a dying moment over-balance'! Who would not choose', in this manner', to go off the stage', with such a song of triumph in his mouth', rather than prolong his existence through a wretched old age', stained with sin' and shame'?

BLAIR.

SECTION III.

The good man's comfort in affliction.

THE religion of Christ not only arms us with fortitude against the approach of evil'; but', supposing evils to fall upon us with their heaviest pressure', it lightens the load by many consolations to which others are strangers'. While bad men trace', in the calamities with which they are visited', the hand of an offended sovereign', Christians are taught to view them as the well-intended chastisements of a merciful Father'.

2 They hear amidst them', that still voice which a good conscience brings to their ear': "Fear not', for I am with thee'; be not dismayed', for I am thy God'." They apply to themselves the comfortable promises with which the gospel abounds'. They discover in these the happy issue decreed to their troubles', and wait with patience till Providence shall have accomplished its great' and good designs'.

3 In the mean time', Devotion opens to them its blessed and holy sanctuary': that sanctuary in which the wounded heart is healed', and the weary mind is at rest'; where the cares of the world are forgotten', where its tumults are hushed', and its miseries disappear'; where greater objects open to our view than any which the world presents'; where a more serene sky shines', and a sweeter and calmer light beams on the afflicted heart'.

4 In those moments of devotion', a pious man', pouring out his wants' and sorrows' to an Almighty Supporter', feels that he is not left solitary' and forsaken' in a vale of wo'. God is with him'; Christ' and the Holy Spirit' are with him'; and though he should be bereaved of every friend on earth', he can look up to heaven to a Friend that will never desert him'.

BLAIR.

SECTION IV.

The close of life.

WHEN we contemplate the close of life'; the termination of man's designs' and hopes'; the silence that now reigns among those who', a little while ago', were so busy', or so gay'; who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful' and tender'? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity'? In whose eye does not the tear gather', on revolving the fate of passing' and short-lived man'?

2 Behold the poor man who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life'. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty' and toil'. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master', from whom he received his scanty wages'. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw', nor be hurried away from his homely meal', to undergo the repeated labours of the day'.

3 While his humble grave is preparing', and a few poor and decayed neighbors are carrying him thither', it is good for us to think', that this man too was our brother'; that for him the aged' and destitute wife', and the needy children', now weep': that', neglected as he was by the world', he possessed', perhaps', both a sound understanding', and a worthy heart'; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom'.

4 At no great distance from him', the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man'. For', as it is said with emphasis in the parable', "the rich man also died', and was buried'." He also died'. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man'; perhaps', through luxury', they accelerated his doom'. Then', indeed', "the mourners go about the street';" and', while', in all the pomp and magnificence of wo', his funeral is preparing', his heirs', impatient to examine his will', are looking on one another with jealous eyes', and already beginning to dispute about the division of his substance'.

5 One day', we see 'carried along', the coffin of the smiling infant'; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view'; and the next day', we behold the young man', or young woman', of blooming form and promising hopes', laid in an untimely grave'. While the funeral is attended by a numerous' unconcerned company', who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day', or the ordinary affairs of life', let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning', and represent to themselves what is passing there'.

6 There we should see a disconsolate family', sitting in silent grief', thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society'; and with tears in their eyes', looking to the chamber that is now left vacant', and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend'. By such attention to the woes of others', the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened', and melted down into humanity'.

7 Another day', we follow to the grave', one who', in old age', and after a long career of life', has' in full maturity' sunk at last into rest'. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead', it is natural for us to think', and to discourse', of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life'. He has passed', it is likely', through varieties of fortune'. He has experienced prosperity', and adversity'. He has seen families' and kindreds' rise and fall'. He has seen peace' and war' succeeding in their turns'; the face of his country undergoing many alterations'; and the very city in which he dwelt', rising', in a manner', new around him'.

8 After all he has beheld', his eyes are now closed for ever'. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men'. A race who knew him not' had arisen to fill the earth'. —Thus passes the world away'. Throughout all ranks' and conditions', "one generation passeth', and another generation cometh';" and this great inn is by turns evacuated and replenished', by troops of succeeding pilgrims'.

9 O vain' and inconstant world'! O fleeting' and transient

life'. When will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren'; or moderation' and wisdom', from the sense of their own fugitive state'?

BLAIR.

SECTION V.

Exalted society, and the renewal of virtuous connexions, two sources of future felicity.

BESIDES the felicity which springs from perfect love', there are two circumstances which particularly enhance the blessedness of that "multitude who stand before the throne"; these are', access to the most exalted society', and renewal of the most tender connexions'. The former is pointed out in the Scripture', by "joining the innumerable company of angels', and the general assembly and church of the first-born"; by sitting down with Abraham', and Isaac', and Jacob', in the kingdom of heaven';" a promise which opens the sublimest prospects to the human mind'.

2 It allows good men to entertain the hope', that', separated from all the dregs of the human mass', from that mixed and polluted crowd in the midst of which they now dwell', they shall be permitted to mingle with prophets', patriarchs', and apostles', with all those great and illustrious spirits', who have shone in former ages as the servants of God', or the benefactors of men'; whose deeds we are accustomed to celebrate'; whose steps we now follow at a distance'; and whose names we pronounce with veneration'.

3 United to this high assembly', the blessed', at the same time', renew those ancient connexions with virtuous friends', which had been dissolved by death'. The prospect of this awakens in the heart', the most pleasing and tender sentiment that perhaps can fill it', in this mortal state'. For of all the sorrows which we are here doomed to endure', none is so bitter as that occasioned by the fatal stroke which separates us', in appearance for ever', from those to whom either nature' or friendship' had intimately joined our hearts'.

4 Memory', from time to time', renews the anguish'; opens the wound which seemed once to have been closed'; and', by recalling joys that are past' and gone', touches every spring of painful sensibility'. In these agonizing moments', how relieving the thought', that the separation is only temporary', not eternal'; that there is a time to come of re-union with those with whom our happiest days were spent'; whose joys' and sorrows' once were ours'; whose piety' and virtue' cheered' and encouraged us'; and from whom', after we shall have landed on the peaceful shore where they dwell', no revolutions of

nature shall ever be able to part us more! Such is the society of the blessed above. Of such are the multitude composed, who "stand before the throne."

BLAIR.

SECTION VI.

The clemency and amiable character of the patriarch JOSEPH.

NO human character exhibited in the records of Scripture, is more remarkable and instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune; from the condition of a slave, rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favour with God and man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honourably resisted.

2 When thrown into prison by the artifices of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous, even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharaoh, the wise and extensive plan which he formed for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service.

3 But in his whole history, there is no circumstance so striking and interesting, as his behaviour to his brethren who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to them, was the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events; and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

4 From the whole tenor of the narration, it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet, from the beginning, he intended to discover himself; and studied so to conduct the discovery, as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children.

5 They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey.

6 Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove

fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor; and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

7 Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints in all the colours of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to the close of life; long afflicted for the loss of a favourite son, whom he supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey; labouring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land.

8 "If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father."

9 Upon this relation, Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father, and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country, and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. "He cried, Cause every man to go out from me; and he wept aloud."

10 The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner, when he first saw his brethren before him. "His bowels yearned upon them; he sought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber; and then washed his face and returned to them."

11 At that period, his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no farther occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show, that he felt as a man and a brother. "He wept aloud; and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh heard him."

12 The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce, are the most suitable to such an affecting situa-

tion that were ever uttered;—"I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?"—What could he, what ought he, in that impassioned moment, to have said more? This is the voice of nature herself, speaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: no pomp of expression; no parade of kindness; but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt.

13 "His brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which, on this amazing discovery, filled their breasts, and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks, are expressive of the generous agitation which struggled for vent within him.

14 No painter could seize a more striking moment for displaying the characteristical features of the human heart, than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian, it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the colouring of the most admired modern eloquence.

BLAIR.

SECTION VII.

ALTAMONT.

The following account of an affecting, mournful exit, is related by Dr. Young, who was present at the melancholy scene.

THE sad evening before the death of the noble youth, whose last hours suggested the most solemn and awful reflections, I was with him. No one was present, but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "You and the physician are come too late. I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead!"

2 Heaven, I said, was merciful—"Or," exclaimed he,—"I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin."—I said, the blessed Redeemer,—"Hold! hold! you wound me!—That is the rock on which I split:—I denied his name!"

3 Refusing to hear anything from me, or take anything from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck: Then with vehemence he exclaimed, "Oh! time! time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart!—How art thou fled for ever!—A month! Oh! for a single week! I ask not for

years! though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

4 On my saying, we could not do too much; that heaven was a blessed place—"So much the worse.—'Tis lost! 'tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!" Soon after, I proposed prayer,—“Pray you that can; I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.”

5 Observing that his friend was much touched at this, even to tears—(who could forbear? I could not)—with a most affectionate look, he said, “Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee.—Dost thou weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?”

6 Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.—“No, stay—thou still mayst hope; therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! but look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is, doubtless, immortal,—And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.”

7 I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus, very passionately exclaimed:—“No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak.—My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought—

8 “Remorse for the past, throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless Heaven for the flames!—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.”

9 How were we struck! yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out! “My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared by boy! my unkindness has murdered my wife!—And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet indulgent LORD GOD! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!”

10 Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the sun (which, I hope, has seen few like him) arose,

the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont, expired.

11 If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is the transit of such persons! In what a dismal gloom they set for ever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing!—For a moment, they glitter—they dazzle! In a moment, where are they? Oblivion covers their memories. Ah! would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long living annals of infamy, their triumphs are recorded.

12 Thy sufferings, poor Altamont! still bleed in the bosom of the heart-stricken friend—for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. His transient morning might have been the dawn of an immortal day. His name might have been gloriously enrolled in the records of eternity. His memory might have left a sweet fragrance behind it, grateful to the surviving friend, salutary to the succeeding generation.

13 With what capacity was he endowed! with what advantages, for being greatly good! But with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of being right.

DR. YOUNG.

CHAPTER VII.

DIALOGUES.

SECTION I.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.*

The vices and follies of men should excite compassion rather than ridicule.

Democritus. I FIND it impossible to reconcile myself to a melancholy philosophy.

Heracitus. And I am equally unable to approve of that vain philosophy, which teaches men to despise and ridicule one another. To a wise and feeling mind, the world appears in a wretched and painful light.

Dem. Thou art too much affected with the state of things, and this is a source of misery to thee.

Her. And I think thou art too little moved by it. Thy mirth and ridicule, bespeak the buffoon, rather than the philosopher. Does it not excite thy compassion to see mankind so frail, so blind, so far departed from the rules of virtue?

Dem. I am excited to laughter, when I see so much impertinence and folly.

* Democritus and Heraclitus were two ancient philosophers, the former of whom laughed, and the latter wept, at the errors and follies of mankind.

Her. And yet', after all', they', who are the objects of thy ridicule', include', not only mankind in general', but the persons with whom thou livest', thy friends', thy family', nay even thyself'.

Dem. I care very little for all the silly persons I meet with'; and think I am justifiable in diverting myself with their folly'.

Her. If they are weak' and foolish', it marks neither wisdom' nor humanity', to insult', rather than pity them'. But is it certain', that thou art not as extravagant as they are'?

Dem. I presume that I am not'; since', in every point', my sentiments are the very reverse of theirs'.

Her. There are follies of different kinds'. By constantly amusing thyself with the errors' and misconduct of others', thou mayst render thyself equally ridiculous' and culpable'.

Dem. Thou art at liberty to indulge such sentiments'; and to weep over me too, if thou hast any tears to spare'. For my part', I cannot refrain from pleasing myself with the levities' and ill conduct of the world about me'. Are not all men foolish', or irregular in their lives'?

Her. Alas'! there is but too much reason to believe they are so': and on this ground', I pity and deplore their condition'. We agree in this point', that men do not conduct themselves according to reasonable' and just principles': but I', who do not suffer myself to act as they do', must yet regard the dictates of my understanding' and feelings', which compel me to love them'; and that love fills me with compassion for their mistakes' and irregularities'. Canst thou condemn me for pitying my own species', my brethren', persons born in the same condition of life', and destined to the same hopes and privileges'? If thou should'st enter an hospital', where sick and wounded persons reside', would their wounds' and distresses' excite thy mirth'? And yet', the evils of the body' bear no comparison with those of the mind'. Thou wouldst certainly blush at thy barbarity', if thou hadst been so unfeeling as to laugh at or despise a poor miserable being', who had lost one of his legs': and yet thou art so destitute of humanity', as to ridicule those' who appear to be deprived of the noble powers of the understanding', by the little regard which they pay to its dictates'.

Dem. He who has lost a leg' is to be pitied', because the loss is not to be imputed to himself': but he who rejects the dictates of reason' and conscience', voluntarily deprives himself of their aid'. The loss originates in his own folly'.

Her. Ah! so much the more is he to be pitied'! A furious

maniac', who should pluck out his own eyes', would deserve more compassion than an ordinary blind man'.

Dem. Come', let us accommodate the business'. There is something to be said on each side of the question'. There is every where reason for laughing', and reason for weeping'. The world is ridiculous', and I laugh at it': it is deplorable', and thou lamentest over it'. Every person views it in his own way', and according to his own temper'. One point is unquestionable', that mankind are preposterous': to think right' and to act well', we must think and act' differently from them'. To submit to the authority', and follow the example of the greater part of men', would render us foolish' and miserable'.

Her. All this is', indeed', true'; but then', thou hast no real love' or feeling for thy species'. The calamities of mankind' excite thy mirth': and this proves that thou hast no regard for men', nor any true respect for the virtues which they have unhappily abandoned'.

FENELON, *Archbishop of Cambray.*

SECTION II.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON.

Genuine virtue commands respect even from the bad.

Dionysius. **A** MAZING'? What do I see'? It is Pythias just arrived'. It is indeed Pythias'. I did not think it possible'. He is come to die', and to redeem his friend'!

Pythias. Yes', it is Pythias'. I left the place of my confinement', with no other views', than to pay to heaven the vows I had made'; to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice'; and to bid adieu to my children', that I might die tranquil' and satisfied'.

Dio. But why dost thou return'? Hast thou no fear of death'? Is it not the character of a madman', to seek it thus voluntarily'?

Py. I return to suffer', though I have not deserved death'. Every principle of honour' and goodness', forbids me to allow my friend to die for me'.

Dio. Dost thou', then', love him better than thyself'?

Py. No'; I love him as myself'. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death', rather than my friend'; since it was Pythias whom thou hadst decreed to die'. It were not just that Damon should suffer', to deliver me from the death which was designed', not for him', but for me only'.

Dio. But thou supposest', that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee', as upon thy friend'.

Py. Very true'; we are both perfectly innocent'; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer'.

Dio. Why dost thou then assert', that it were injustice to put him to death', instead of thee'?

Py. It is unjust, in the same degree', to inflict death either on Damon' or on myself'; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Drmon suffer that death', which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only'.

Dio. Dost thou then return hither', on the day appointed', with no other view', than to save the life of a friend', by losing thy own?

Py. I return', in regard to thee', to suffer an act of injustice which it is common for tyrants to inflict'; and', with respect to Damon', to perform my duty', by rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me'.

Dio. And now', Damon', let me address myself to thee'. Didst thou not really fear', that Pythias would never return'; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account'?

Da. I was but too well assured', that Pythias would punctually return'; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise', than to preserve his life'. Would to heaven', that his relations' and friends' had forcibly detained him'! He would then have lived for the comfort' and benefit of good men'; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him'!

Dio. What'! Does life displease thee'?

Da. Yes'; it displeases me when I see' and feel' the power of a tyrant'.

Dio. It is well'! Thou shalt see him no more'. I will order thee to be put to death immediately'.

Py. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend'. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction'. I come to submit to it', that I may redeem my friend'. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour'.

Dio. I cannot endure men' who despise death', and set my power at defiance'.

Da. Thou canst not', then', endure virtue'.

Dio. No': I cannot endure that proud', disdainful virtue', which contemns life'; which dreads no punishment'; and which is insensible to the charms of riches' and pleasure'.

Da. Thou seest', however', that it is a virtue', which is not insensible to the dictates of honour', justice', and friendship'.

Dio. Guards', take Pythias to execution'. We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority'.

Da. Pythias', by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure', has merited his life', and deserved thy favour'; but I have excited thy indignation', by resigning myself to thy power', in order to save him'; be satisfied', then', with this sacrifice', and put me to death'.

Py. Hold', Dionysius'! remember', it was Pythias alone who offended thee'; Damon could not'——

Dio. Alas! what do I see and hear; where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honours are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly; unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Py. How could'st thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind; and they fear thee; they detest thee.

Dio. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connexion so perfect. I give you your lives, and I will load you with riches.

Da. We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and, in regard to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it, till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves, and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent; and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

FENELON, *Archbishop of Cambray.*

SECTION III.

LOCKE AND BAYLE.

Christianity defended against the cavils of scepticism.

Bayle. YES, we both were philosophers; but my philosophy was the deepest. You dogmatized; I doubted.

Locke. Do you make doubting a proof of depth in philosophy? It may be a good beginning of it; but it is a bad end.

Bayle. No:—the more profound our searches are into the nature of things the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtle minds, see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary understandings.

Locke. It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows something. I find that the eyes which nature has given me, see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or discerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a physician, who should offer me an eye-water, the use of which would at first so sharpen my sight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vi-

sion'; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy is to the eyes of the mind', what I have supposed the doctor's nostrum to be to those of the body'. It actually brought your own excellent understanding', which was by nature quicksighted', and rendered more so by art' and a subtlety of logic peculiar to yourself'—it brought', I say', your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly'; and enveloped all the great truths of reason' and religion' in mists of doubt'.

Bayle. I own it did';—but your comparison is not just'. I did not see well', before I used my philosophic eye-water'; I only supposed I saw well'; but I was in an error' with all the rest of mankind'. The blindness was real', the perceptions were imaginary'. I cured myself first of those false imaginations', and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men'.

Locke. A great cure indeed'!—and do not you think that', in return for the service you did them', they ought to erect you a statue?

Bayle. Yes'; it is good for human nature to know its own weakness'. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not', we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves', or at least of deserving ridicule' and contempt', by vain' and idle efforts'.

Locke. I agree with you', that human nature should know its own weakness'; but it should also feel its strength', and try to improve it'. This was my employment as a philosopher'. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind', to see what it could do', and what it could not'; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability'; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature', with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them', would allow it to go'. In the vast ocean of philosophy', I had the line' and the plummet' always in my hands'. Many of its depths' I found myself unable to fathom'; but', by caution in sounding', and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage', I found out some truths', of so much use to mankind', that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor'.

Bayle. Their ignorance makes them think so'. Some other philosopher will come hereafter', and show those truths to be falsehoods'. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance'. A later sage will arise', perhaps among men now barbarous' and unlearned', whose sagacious discoveries' will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor'. In philosophy', as in nature', all changes its form', and one thing exists by the destruction of another'.

Locke. Opinions taken up without a patient investigation', depending on terms not accurately defined and principles

begged without proof', like theories to explain the phænomena of nature', built on suppositions' instead of experiments', must perpetually change' and destroy one another'. But some opinions there are', even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind', which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent', that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven'; or' (to speak philosophically') as the great laws of Nature', by which', under God', the universe is sustained'. Can you seriously think', that', because the hypothesis of your countryman', Descartes', which was nothing but an ingenious', well-imagined romance', has been lately exploded', the system of Newton', which is built on experiments' and geometry', the two most certain methods of discovering truth', will ever fail'; or that', because the whims of fanatics' and the divinity of the schoolmen' cannot now be supported', the doctrines of that religion', which I', the declared enemy of all enthusiasm' and false reasoning', firmly believed' and maintained', will ever be shaken'?

Bayle. If you had asked Descartes', while he was in the height of his vogue', whether his system would ever be confuted by any other philosophers', as that of Aristotle had been by his', what answer do you suppose he would have returned'?

Locke. Come', come', you yourself know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of those systems' and that of Newton is placed'. Your scepticism is more affected' than real'. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation', (the only wish of your heart',) to object', than to defend'; to pull down', than to set up'. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work'. Then your huddling together', in a Critical Dictionary', a pleasant tale' or obscene jest', and a grave argument against the Christian religion', a witty confutation of some absurd author', and an artful sophism to impeach some respectable truth', was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free-thinking'. But what mischief have you not done to human society'? You have endeavoured', and with some degree of success', to shake those foundations', on which the whole moral world' and the great fabric of social happiness', entirely rest'. How could you', as a philosopher', in the sober hours of reflection', answer for this to your conscience', even supposing you had had doubts of the truth of a system', which gives to virtue its sweetest hopes', to impenitent vice its greatest fears', and to true penitence its best consolations'; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt', and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature', which the Stoic pride denied to

it', but which its real imperfection', and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator', so evidently require'.

Bayle. The mind is free'; and it loves to exert its freedom'. Any restraint upon it' is a violence done to its nature', and a tyranny', against which it has a right to rebel'.

Locke. The mind', though free', has a governor within itself', which may and ought to limit the exercise of its freedom'—That governor is reason'.

Bayle. Yes':—but reason', like other governors', has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice' than upon any fixed laws'. And if that reason, which rules my mind' or yours', has happened to set up a favourite notion', it not only submits implicitly to it', but desires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind'. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another', and that if he is wise', he will use his utmost endeavours to check it in himself'.

Locke. Is there not also a weakness of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing'? Do we not often take a pleasure in showing our own power', and gratifying our own pride', by degrading the notions set up by other men', and generally respected'?

Bayle. I believe we do'; and by this means it often happens', that', if one man builds and consecrates a temple to folly', another pulls it down'.

Locke. Do you think it beneficial to human society', to have all temples pulled down'?

Bayle. I cannot say that I do'.

Locke. Yet I find' not in your writings any mark of distinction', to show us which you mean to save'.

Bayle. A true philosopher', like an impartial historian, must be of no sect'.

Locke. Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a sectary', and a total indifference to all religion'?

Bayle. With regard to morality', I was not indifferent'.

Locke. How could you then be indifferent with regard to the sanctions religion gives to morality'? How could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those sanctions'? Was not this sacrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity'?

Bayle. A man may act indiscreetly', but he cannot do wrong', by declaring that', which', on a full discussion of the question', he sincerely thinks to be true'.

Locke. An enthusiast', who advances doctrines prejudicial to society', or opposes any that are useful to it', has the strength of opinion', and the heat of a disturbed imagination', to plead

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in alleviation of his fault'. But your cool head' and sound judgment', can have no such excuse'. I know very well there are passages in all your works', and those not few', where you talk like a rigid moralist'. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good'. But when', in the most laboured parts of your writings', you sap the surest foundations of all moral duties', what avails it that in others', or in the conduct of your life', you appeared to respect them'? How many', who have stronger passions than you had', and are desirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them', will lay hold of your scepticism', to set themselves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune is it to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you' and for mankind', if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians', or the most credulous monk in a Portuguese convent'. The riches of the mind', like those of fortune', may be employed so perversely', as to become a nuisance' and pest', instead of an ornament' and support to society'.

Bayle. You are very severe upon me'.—But do you count it no merit', no service to mankind', to deliver them from the frauds' and fetters of priestcraft', from the deliriums of fanaticism', and from the terrors' and follies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world! Even in the last age', what massacres', what civil wars', what convulsions of government', what confusion in society', did they produce! Nay', in that we both lived in', though much more enlightened than the former', did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country'? and can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils'?

Locke. The root of these evils', you well know', was false religion'; but you struck at the true'. Heaven' and hell' are not more different', than the system of faith I defended', and that which produced the horrors of which you speak'. Why would you so fallaciously confound them together in some of your writings', that it requires much more judgment', and a more diligent attention', than ordinary readers have', and a rate them again', and to make the proper distinctions? This', indeed', is the great art of the most celebrated free-thinkers'. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds', by lively strokes of wit', and by arguments really strong', against superstition', enthusiasm', and priestcraft'. But', at the same time', they insidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true religion', and dress her out in their garb', with a malignant intention to render her odious' or despicable', to those who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud'. Some of them may have thus deceived

themselves', as well as others'. Yet it is certain', no book that ever was written by the most acute of these gentlemen', is so repugnant to priestcraft', to spiritual tyranny', to all absurd superstitions', to all that can tend to disturb or injure society', as that gospel they so much affect to despise'.

Bayle. Mankind are so made', that', when they have been over-heated', they cannot be brought to a proper temper again', till they have been over-cooled'. My scepticism might be necessary to abate the fever' and phrenzy' of false religion'.

Locke. A wise prescription', indeed', to bring on a paralytical state of the mind', (for such a scepticism as yours is a palsy', which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers'), in order to take off a fever', which temperance', and the milk of the evangelical doctrines', would probably cure'!

Bayle. I acknowledge that those medicines' have a great power'. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs', or some unsafe and ridiculous nostrums of their own'.

Locke. What you now say is too true'.—God has given us a most excellent physic for the soul', in all its diseases'; but bad' and interested physicians', or ignorant' and conceited quacks', administer it so ill to the rest of mankind', that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost'.
LORD LYTLETON.

CHAPTER VIII. PUBLIC SPEECHES. SECTION I.

CICERO against VERRES.

THE time is come', Fathers', when that which has long been wished for', towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to', and removing the imputations against trials', is effectually put in your power'. An opinion has long prevailed', not only here at home', but likewise in foreign countries', both dangerous to you', and pernicious to the state'—that', in prosecutions', men of wealth are always safe', however clearly convicted'.

2 There is now to be brought upon his trial before you', to the confusion', I hope', of the propagators of this slanderous imputation', one whose life' and actions' condemn him in the opinion of impartial persons'; but who', according to his own reckoning', and declared dependence upon his riches', is already acquitted'; I mean Caius Verres'. I demand justice of you', Fathers', upon the robber of the public treasury', the oppressor

of Asia Minor' and Pamphylia', the invader of the rights' and privileges of Romans', the scourge' and curse of Sicily'.

3 If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve', your authority', Fathers', will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public': but if his great riches should bias you in his favour', I shall still gain one point'—to make it apparent to all the world', that what was wanting in this case', was not a criminal, nor a prosecutor', but justice' and adequate punishment'.

4 To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth', what does his quaestorship', the first public employment he held', what does it exhibit', but one continued scene of villanies'? Cneius Carbo', plundered of the public money by his own treasurer', a consul stripped' and betrayed', an army deserted' and reduced to want', a province robbed', the civil and religious rights of a people violated'.

5 The employment he held in Asia Minor' and Pamphylia', what did it produce but the ruin of those countries', in which houses', cities', and temples', were robbed by him'? What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home'? Let the plundered temples', and public works neglected', that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on', bear witness'. How did he discharge the office of a judge'? Let those who suffered by his injustice' answer'.

6 But his praetorship in Sicily' crowns all his works of wickedness', and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy'. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country', during the three years of his iniquitous administration', are such', that many years', under the wisest' and best of praetors', will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them': for it is notorious', that', during the time of his tyranny', the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws'; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate', upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth'; nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men'.

7 His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years'. And his decisions have broken all law', all precedent', all right'. The sums he has', by arbitrary taxes' and unheard-of impositions', extorted from the industrious poor', are not to be computed'.

8 The most faithful allies of the commonwealth' have been treated as enemies'. Roman citizens have', like slaves', been put to death with tortures'. The most atrocious criminals', for money', have been exempted from the deserved punishments'; and men of the most unexceptionable characters' condemned and banished unheard'.

9 The harbours', though sufficiently fortified', and the gates of strong towns', have been opened to pirates' and ravagers'. The soldiery' and sailors', belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth', have been starved to death'; whole fleets', to the great detriment of the province', suffered to perish'. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian' or Roman greatness', the statues of heroes' and princes', have been carried off; and the temples stripped of their images'.

10 Having', by his iniquitous sentences', filled the prisons with the most industrious' and deserving of the people', he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols': so that the exclamation', "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often', in the most distant regions', and among the most barbarous people', been a protection', was of no service to them'; but', on the contrary', brought a speedier and a more severe punishment upon them'.

11 I ask now', Verres', what thou hast to advance against this charge'? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend, that any thing false', that even any thing aggravated', is alleged against thee'? Had any prince' or any state', committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens', should we not think we had sufficient ground for demanding satisfaction'?

12 What punishment ought', then', to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor', who dared', at no greater distance than Sicily', within sight of the Italian coast', to put to the infamous death of crucifixion', that unfortunate and innocent citizen', Publius Gavius Cosanus', only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship', and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country', against the cruel oppressor', who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse', whence he had just made his escape'?

13 The unhappy man', arrested as he was going to embark for his native country', is brought before the wicked prætor'. With eyes darting fury', and a countenance distorted with cruelty', he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped', and rods to be brought: accusing him', but without the least shadow of evidence', or even of suspicion', of having come to Sicily as a spy'.

14 It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out', "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius', who is now at Panormus', and will attest my innocence'." The blood-thirsty prætor', deaf to all he could urge in his own defence', ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted'.

15 Thus', Fathers', was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging', whilst the only words he uttered',

amidst his cruel sufferings', were', "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence' and infamy'. But of so little service was this privilege to him', that', while he was thus asserting his citizenship', the order was given for his execution',—for his execution upon the cross'!

16 O liberty'!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear'!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship'!—once sacred'!—now trampled upon'!—But what then'! Is it come to this'? Shall an inferior magistrate', a governor', who holds his whole power of the Roman people', in a Roman province', within sight of Italy', bind', scourge', torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron', and at last put to the infamous death of the cross', a Roman citizen'?

17 Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony', nor the tears of pitying spectators', nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth', nor the fear of the justice of his country', restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster', who', in confidence of his riches', strikes at the root of liberty', and sets mankind at defiance'?

18 I conclude with expressing my hopes', that your wisdom' and justice', Fathers', will not', by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment', leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority', and the introduction of general anarchy' and confusion'.

CICERO'S ORATIONS.

SECTION II.

Speech of ADHERBAL to the Roman Senate, imploring their protection against JUGURTHA.

FATHERS!

IT is known to you', that king Micipsa', my father', on his death-bed', left in charge to Jugurtha', his adopted son', conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body', the administration of the kingdom of Numidia', directing us to consider the senate' and people of Rome' as proprietors of it'. He charged us to use our best endeavours, to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth'; assuring us', that your protection would prove a defence against all enemies'; and would be instead of armies', fortifications', and treasures'.

2 While my brother' and I' were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father'—Jugurtha'—the most infamous of mankind'!—breaking through all ties of gratitude' and of common humanity', and trampling on the authority of the Roman com-

monwealth', procured the murder of my unfortunate brother'; and has driven me from my throne' and native country', though he knows I inherit', from my grandfather Massinissa', and my father Micipsa', the friendship' and alliance of the Romans'.

3 For a prince to be reduced', by villany', to my distressful circumstances', is calamity enough', but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration'—that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance', Fathers', for the services done you by my ancestors', not for any I have been able to render you in my own person'. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands'; and has forced me to be burdensome' before I could be useful to you'.

4 And yet', if I had no plea', but my undeserved misery'—a once powerful prince', the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs', now', without any fault of my own', destitute of every support', and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance', against an enemy who has seized my throne' and my kingdom'—if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead'—it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth', to protect the injured', and to check the triumph of daring wickedness' over helpless innocence'.

5 But', to provoke your resentment to the utmost', Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions', which the senate' and people of Rome' gave to my ancestors'; and', from which', my grandfather', and my father', under your umbrage', expelled Syphax' and the Carthaginians'. Thus', Fathers', your kindness to our family is defeated'; and Jugurtha', in injuring me', throws contempt upon you'.

6 O wretched princee'! Oh cruel reverse of fortune'! Oh father Micipsa'! Is this the consequence of thy generosity'; that he', whom thy goodness raised to an equality with thy own children', should be the murderer of thy children'? Must', then', the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood'?

7 While Carthage remained', we suffered', as was to be expected', all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks'; our enemy near'; our only powerful ally', the Roman commonwealth', at a distance'. When that scourge of Africa was no more', we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace'. But', instead of peace', behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood'! and the only surviving son of its late king', flying from an adopted murderer', and seeking that safety in foreign parts', which he cannot command in his own kingdom'.

8 Whither'—Oh'! whither shall I fly'? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors', my father's throne is seized

by the murderer of my brother'. What can I there expect', but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue', in my blood', those hands which are now reeking with my brother's'? If I were to fly for refuge' or for assistance' to any other court', from what prince can I hope for protection', if the Roman commonwealth give me up'? From my own family' or friends', I have no expectations'.

9 My royal father is no more'. He is beyond the reach of violence', and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son'. Were my brother alive', our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation'. But he is hurried out of life', in his early youth', by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia'.

10 The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest'. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross'. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts'; and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts'. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons', there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself'.

11 Look down', illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power, to which you are raised', on the unexampled distresses of a prince', who is', by the cruelty of a wicked intruder', become an outcast from all mankind'. Let not the crafty insinuations of him, who returns murder' for adoption', prejudice your judgment'. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son' and relations of a king', who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons'.

12 I have been informed' that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence'; pretending that I magnify my distress', and might', for him', have staid in peace in my own kingdom'. But', if ever the time comes', when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him', he will then dissemble as I do'. Then he', who now', hardened in wickedness', triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low', will', in his turn', feel distress', and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father', and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother'.

13 Oh murdered', butchered brother! Oh dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—but why should I lament his death? He is', indeed', deprived of the blessed light of heaven', of life', and kingdom', at once', by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life' in defence of any one of Micipsa's family'. But', as things are', my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts

as delivered from terror', from flight', from exile', and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden'.

14 He lies full low', gored with wounds', and festering in his own blood'. But he lies in peace'. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony' and distraction', while I am set up a spectacle to all mankind', of the uncertainty of human affairs'. So far from having it in my power to punish his murderer', I am not master of the means of securing my own life'. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper', I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person'.

15 Fathers'! Senators of Rome'! the arbiters of nations'! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha'.—By your affection for your children'; by your love for your country'; by your own virtues'; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth'; by all that is sacred', and all that is dear to you'—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved', unprovoked injury'; and save the kingdom of Numidia', which is your own property', from being the prey of violence', usurpation', and cruelty'.

SALLUST.

SECTION III.

The APOSTLE PAUL's noble defence before FESTUS & AGRIPPA.

AGRIPPA said unto Paul', thou art permitted to speak for thyself'.—Then Paul stretched forth his hand', and answered for himself'. I think myself happy', king Agrippa', because I shall answer for myself this day before thee', concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews': especially', as I know thee to be expert in all customs' and questions' which are among the Jews'. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently'.

2 My manner of life from my youth', which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem', know all the Jews', who knew me from the beginning', (if they would testify'), that after the strictest sect of our religion' I lived a Pharisee'. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers'; to which promise', our twelve tribes', continually serving God day' and night', hope' to come': and', for this hope's sake', king Agrippa', I am accused by the Jews'.

3 Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you', that God should raise the dead'? I verily thought with myself' that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth': and this I did in Jerusalem'. Many of the saints I shut up in prison', having received authority from the chief priests': and when they were put to death', I gave my

voice against them'. And I often punished them in every synagogues', and compelled them to blaspheme'; and being exceedingly mad against them', I persecuted them even unto strange cities'.

4 But as I went to Damascus', with authority' and commission from the chief priests', at mid-day', O king'! I saw in the way a light from heaven', above the brightness of the sun', shining round about me', and them who journeyed with me'. And when we were all fallen to the earth', I heard a voice speaking to me and saying', in the Hebrew tongue': Saul', Saul', why persecutest thou me'? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks'. And I said', Who art thou', Lord'? And he replied', I am Jesus whom thou persecutest'.

5 But rise', and stand upon thy feet': for I have appeared to thee for this purpose', to make thee a minister', and a witness' both of these things which thou hast seen', and of those things in which I will appear to thee'; delivering thee from the people', and from the Gentiles', to whom I now send thee', to open their eyes', and to turn them from darkness' to light', and from the power of Satan' to God'; that they may receive forgiveness of sins', and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me'.

6 Whereupon', O king Agrippa'! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision'; but showed first to them of Damascus', and at Jerusalem', and through all the coasts of Judea', and then to the Gentiles', that they should repent', and turn to God', and do works meet for repentance'. For these causes', the Jews caught me in the temple', and went about to kill me'. Having', however', obtained help from God', I continue to this day', witnessing both to small' and great', saying no other things than those which the prophets' and Moses' declared should come'; that Christ should suffer'; that he would be the first who should rise from the dead'; and that he would show light to the people', and to the Gentiles'.

7 And as he thus spoke for himself', Festus said', with a loud voice', "Paul', thou art beside thyself'; much learning hath made thee mad'." But he replied', I am not mad', most noble Festus'; but speak the words of truth' and soberness'. For the king knoweth these things', before whom I also speak freely'. I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him': for this thing was not done in a corner'. King Agrippa', believest thou the prophets'? I know that thou believest'. Then Agrippa said to Paul', "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian'." And Paul replied', "I would to God', that not only thou', but also all that hear me this

day', were both almost', and altogether such as I am', except these bonds'."*

ACTS XXVI.

SECTION IV.

LORD MANSFIELD'S speech in the House of Peers, 1770, on the bill for preventing the delays of justice, by claiming the Privilege of Parliament.

MY LORDS,

WHEN I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships', I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration'. It is a bill', indeed', of no common magnitude'; it is no less than to take away from two thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom', certain privileges' and immunities' of which they have been long possessed'. Perhaps there is no situation the human mind can be placed in', that is so difficult' and so trying', as when it is made a judge in its own cause'.

2 There is something implanted in the breast of man', so attached to self', so tenacious of privileges once obtained', that in such a situation', either to discuss with impartiality', or decide with justice', has ever been held the summit of all human virtue'. The bill now in question' puts your lordships in this very predicament'; and I have no doubt the wisdom of your decision will convince the world', that where self-interest' and justice' are in opposite scales', the latter will ever preponderate with your lordships'.

3 Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages', and in all countries'. The practice is founded in wisdom'; and', indeed', it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of this country', that the members of both houses should be free in their persons', in cases of civil suits': for there may come a time when the safety' and welfare' of this whole empire', may depend upon their attendance in parliament'. I am far from advising any measure that would in future endanger the state'; but the bill before your lordships has', I am confident', no such tendency': for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits'.

4 This being the case', I confess', when I see many noble lords', for whose judgment I have a very great respect', standing up to oppose a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of just' and legal debts', I am astonished' and amazed'.

* How happy was this great Apostle, even in the most perilous circumstances. Though under bonds and oppression, his mind was free, and raised above every fear of man. With what dignity and composure does he defend himself, and the noble cause he had espoused; whilst he displays the most compassionate and generous feelings, for those who were strangers to the sublime religion by which he was animated!

They', I doubt not', oppose the bill upon public principles': I would not wish to insinuate' that private interest had the least weight in their determination'.

5 The bill has been frequently proposed', and ... frequently has miscarried': but it was always lost in the lower house'. Little did I think', when it had passed the Commons', that it possibly could have met with such opposition here'. Shall it be said', that you', my lords', the grand council of the nation', the highest judicial' and legislative body of the realm', endeavour to evade', by privilege', those very laws which you enforce on your fellow subjects'? Forbid it justice'!—I am sure', were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am', with but half the 'difficulties' and delays' occasioned in the courts of justice', under pretence of privilege', they would not', nay', they could not', oppose this bill'.

6 I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against this bill'; but I have waited in vain': the truth is', there is no argument that can weigh against it'. The justice' and expediency of the bill' are such as render it self-evident'. It is a proposition of that nature', which can neither be weakened by argument', nor entangled with sophistry'. Much', indeed', has been said by some noble lords', on the wisdom of our ancestors', and how differently they thought from us'. They not only decreed', that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the sitting of parliament', but likewise granted protection to the very servants of members'. I shall say nothing on the wisdom of our ancestors'; it might perhaps appear invidious'; that is not necessary in the present case'.

7 I shall only say', that the noble lords who flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection', should remember', that as circumstances alter', things themselves should alter'. Formerly', it was not so fashionable either for masters' or servants' to run in debt', as it is at present'. Formerly' we were not that great commercial nation we are at present'; nor formerly were merchants' and manufacturers' members of parliament as at present'. The case is now very different': both merchants' and manufacturers' are', with great propriety', elected members of the lower House'.

8 Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom', privilege must be done away'. We all know', that the very soul' and essence' of trade', are regular payments'; and sad experience teaches us', that there are men', who will not make their regular payments without the compulsive power of the laws'. The law then ought to be equally open to all'.

Any exemption to particular men', or particular ranks of men', is', in a free' and commercial country', a solecism of the grossest nature'.

9 But I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that', which is sufficiently evident without any'. I shall only say a few words to some noble lords', who foresee much inconvenience', from the persons' of their servants being liable to be arrested'. One noble lord observes', That the coachman of a peer may be arrested', while he is driving his master to the House', and that', consequently', he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament'. If this were actually to happen', there are so many methods by which the member might still get to the House', that I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection'.

10 Another noble peer said', That', by this bill', one might lose his most valuable' and honest servants'. This I hold to be a contradiction in terms': for he can neither be a valuable servant', nor an honest man', who gets into debt', which he is neither able nor willing to pay', till compelled by the law'. If my servant', by unforeseen accidents', has got into debt', and I still wish to retain him', I certainly would pay the demand'. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever', can my servant have a title to set his creditors at defiance', while', for forty shillings only', the honest tradesman may be torn from his family', and locked up in a gaol'. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself', however', the determination of this day', will entirely put an end to all these partial proceedings for the future', by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' consideration'.

11 I now come to speak upon what', indeed', I would have gladly avoided', had I not been particularly pointed at', for the part I have taken in this bill'. It has been said', by a noble lord on my left hand', that I likewise am running the race of popularity'. If the noble lord means by popularity', that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions', I have long been struggling in that race'; to what purpose', all-trying time can alone determine'.

12 But if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity', which is raised without merit', and lost without a crime', he is much mistaken in his opinion'. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life', in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations'. I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct',—the dictates of my own breast'.

13 Those who have foregone that pleasing adviser', and given up their mind to be the slave of every popular impulse', I sin-

cerely pity': I pity them still more', if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob' for the trumpet of fame'.— Experience might inform them', that many', who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day', have received their execrations the next'; and many', who', by the popularity of their times', have been held up as spotless patriots', have', nevertheless', appeared upon the historian's page', when truth has triumphed over delusion', the assassins of liberty'.

14 Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity', that echo of folly', and shadow of renown', I am at a loss to determine'. Besides', I do not know that the bill now before your lordships', will be popular': it depends much upon the caprice of the day'. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts'; and', in that case', the present must be a very unpopular bill'.

15 It may not be popular either to take away any of the privileges of parliament'; for I very well remember', and many of your lordships may remember', that', not long ago', the popular cry was for the extension of privilege'; and so far did they carry it at that time', that it was said', the privilege protected members even in criminal actions'; nay', such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds', that the very decisions of some of the courts' were tinged with that doctrine'. It was undoubtedly an abominable doctrine'. I thought so then', and I think so still': but', nevertheless', it was a popular doctrine', and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty'; how deservedly', time will show'.

16 True liberty', in my opinion', can only exist when justice is equally administered to all'; to the king' and to the beggar'. Where is the justice', then', or where is the law', that protects a member of parliament', more than any other man', from the punishment due to his crimes'? The laws of this country allow of no place', nor any employment', to be a sanctuary for crimes'; and where I have the honour to sit as judge', neither royal favour', nor popular applause', shall protect the guilty'.

17 I have now only to beg pardon for having employed so much of your lordships' time'; and I am sorry a bill', fraught with so many good consequences', has not met with an abler advocate': but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world', that a bill', calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present', requires with your lordships but very little support'.

SECTION V.

An address to young persons.

I INTEND, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth; involve themselves in much misery; and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society.

2 Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors?

3 If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasures; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings?

4 While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which are required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?

5 Deceive not yourselves with those arrogant hopes.—Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to “take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.”

6 He hath decreed, that they only “who seek after wis-

dom shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted, because of their transgressions; and that whoever refuseth instruction shall destroy his own soul." By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

7 When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits.—This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life.

8 Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probability or honour. Whether science or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station.

9 The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations; are the foundations of all that is highly honourable, or greatly successful among men.

10 Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice.

11 By whatever means you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

12 Let not then the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed time of life; and according to "what you sow, you shall reap." Your character is now, under Divine Assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands.

13 Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed, and free, than they will be at any future period.

14 Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider, then, the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure, decisive of your happiness in time and in eternity.

15 As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age.

16 But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been "vanity," its latter end can scarcely be any other than "vexation of spirit."

17 I shall finish this address, with calling your attention to that dependence on the blessing of Heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves.

18 Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them? Neither human wisdom,

nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life.

19 By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown? Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk? "Every good, and every perfect gift, is from above." Wisdom and virtue, as well as "riches and honour, come from God." Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm.

20 Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happiness can be independent of Him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven.

21 I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son: words, which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: "Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."

BLAIR.

CHAPTER IX.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1688.

AN account of this dreadful earthquake', is given by the celebrated father Kircher'. It happened whilst he was on his journey to visit Mount *Ætna*', and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the South of Italy'. Kircher is considered by scholars', as one of the greatest prodigies of learning'. "Having hired a boat', in company with four more', (two friars of the order of St. Francis', and two seculars',) we launched from the harbour of Messina', in Sicily', and arrived', the same day', at the promontory of Pelorus'. Our destination was for the city of Euphemia', in Calabria', where we had some business to transact', and where we designed to tarry for some time'.

2 "However', Providence seemed willing to cross our design'; for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus',

on account of the weather'; and though we often put out to sea', yet we were as often driven back'. At length', wearied with the delay', we resolved to prosecute our voyage'; and', although the sea seemed more than usually agitated', we ventured forward'.

3 "The gulf of Charybdis', which we approached', seemed whirled round in such a manner', as to form a vast hollow', verging to a point in the centre'. Proceeding onward', and turning my eyes to *Ætna*', I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke', of mountainous sizes', which entirely covered the island', and blotted out the very shores from my view'. This', together with the dreadful noise', and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived', filled me with apprehensions', that some more dreadful calamity was impending'.

4 "The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance'; they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain', covered all over with bubbles', will conceive some idea of its agitations'. My surprise was still increased', by the calmness and serenity of the weather'; not a breeze', not a cloud', which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion'. I therefore warned my companions', that an earthquake was approaching', and', after some time', making for the shore with all possible diligence', we landed at *Tropæa*', happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea'.

5 "But our triumphs at land were of short duration'; for we had scarcely arrived at the *Jesuits' College*', in that city', when our ears were stunned with a horrid sound', resembling that of an infinite number of chariots', driven fiercely forward'; the wheels rattling', and the thongs cracking'. Soon after this', a most dreadful earthquake ensued'; the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate', as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering'. This motion', however', soon grew more violent'; and being no longer able to keep my legs', I was thrown prostrate upon the ground'. In the mean time', the universal ruin round me', redoubled my amazement'.

6 "The crash of falling houses', the tottering of towers', and the groans of the dying', all contributed to raise my terror and despair'. On every side of me', I saw nothing but a scene of ruin', and danger threatening wherever I should fly'. I recommended myself to God', as my last great refuge'.

7 "At that hour', O how vain was every sublunary happiness! Wealth', honour', empire', wisdom', all mere useless sounds', and as empty as the bubbles of the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity', nothing but God was my pleasure', and the nearer I approached', I only loved him the more'.

8 "After some time', however', finding that I remained unhurt', amidst the general concussion', I resolved to venture for safety': and running as fast as I could', I reached the shore', but almost terrified out of my reason'. I did not search long here', till I found the boat in which I had landed', and my companions also', whose terrors were even greater than mine'. Our meeting was not of that kind', where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape'; it was all silence', and a gloomy dread of impending terrors'.

9 "Leaving this seat of desolation', we prosecuted our voyage along the coast'; and the next day came to Rochetta', where we landed', although the earth still continued in violent agitations'. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn', when we were once more obliged to return to the boat'; and', in about half an hour', we saw the greater part of the town', and the inn at which we had put up', dashed to the ground', burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins'.

10 "In this manner', proceeding onward in our little vessel', finding no safety at land', and yet', from the smallness of our boat', having but a very dangerous continuance at sea', we at length landed at Lopizium', a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia', the city to which', as I said before', we were bound'. Here', wherever I turned my eyes', nothing but scenes of ruin' and horror' appeared'; towns' and castles' levelled to the ground'; Stromboli', though at sixty miles distance', belching forth flames in an unusual manner', and with a noise which I could distinctly hear'.

11 "But my attention was quickly turned from more remote', to contiguous danger'. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake', which we by this time were grown acquainted with', alarmed us for the consequences'; it every moment seemed to grow louder', and to approach nearer'. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully'; so that being unable to stand', my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us', and supported ourselves in that manner'.

12 "After some time', this violent paroxysm ceasing', we again stood up', in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia', which lay within sight'. In the mean time', while we were preparing for this purpose', I turned my eyes towards the city', but could see only a frightful dark cloud', that seemed to rest upon the place'. This the more surprised us', as the weather was so very serene'.

13 "We waited', therefore', till the cloud had passed away'; then turning to look for the city', it was totally sunk'. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake' was

seen where it stood'. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe', but could see no person'. All was become a melancholy solitude'; a scene of hideous desolation'.

14 "Thus proceeding pensively along', in quest of some human being that could give us a little information', we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore'; and appearing stupified with terror'. Of him', therefore', we inquired concerning the fate of the city'; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer'.

15 "We entreated him', with every expression of tenderness' and pity', to tell us'; but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped'. We offered him some victuals', but he seemed to loathe the sight'. We still persisted in our offices of kindness'; but he only pointed to the place of the city', like one out of his senses', and then', running up into the woods', was never heard of after'. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia'.

16 As we continued our melancholy course along the shore', the whole coast', for the space of two hundred miles', presented nothing but the remains of cities', and men' scattered' without a habitation', over the fields'. Proceeding thus along', we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples', after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea' and land'.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

Letter from PLINY to GEMINIUS.

DO we not sometimes observe a sort of people', who', though they are themselves under the abject dominion of every vice', show a kind of malicious resentment against the errors of others', and are most severe upon those whom they most resemble? yet', surely a lenity of disposition', even in persons who have the least occasion for clemency themselves', is of all virtues the most becoming'.

2 The highest of all characters', in my estimation', is his', who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind' as if he were every day guilty of some himself'; and', at the same time', as cautious of committing a fault', as if he never forgave one'. It is a rule then which we should', upon all occasions', both private' and public', most religiously observe': "to be inexorable to our own failings', while we treat those of the rest of the world with tenderness'; not excepting even such as forgive none but themselves'."

3 I shall', perhaps', be asked', who it is that has given occasion to these reflections'. Know then that a certain person

lately'—but of that when we meet'—though', upon second thoughts', not even then'; lest', whilst I condemn and expose his conduct', I shall set counter to that maxim I particularly recommend'. Whoever', therefore'; and whatever he is', shall remain in silence': for though there may be some use', perhaps', in setting a mark upon the man', for the sake of example', there will be more', however', in sparing him', for the sake of humanity'. Farewell'.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

SECTION III.

Letter from PLINY to MARCELLINUS, on the death of an amiable young woman.

I WRITE this under the utmost oppression of sorrow': the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus', is dead! Never surely was there a more agreeable', and more amiable young person', or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long', I had almost said', an immortal life! She had all the wisdom of age' and discretion of a matron', joined with youthful sweetness' and virgin modesty'.

2 With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! How kindly and respectfully receive his friends! How affectionately treat all those who', in their respective offices', had the care' and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading', in which she discovered great strength of judgment'; she indulged herself in few diversions', and those with much caution'. With what forbearance', with what patience', with what courage', did she endure her last illness!

3 She complied with all the directions of her physicians'; she encouraged her sister', and her father'; and', when all her strength of body was exhausted', supported herself by the single vigour of her mind'. That', indeed', continued', even to her last moments', unbroken by the pain of a long illness', or the terrors of approaching death'; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented'. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it happened!

4 She was contracted to a most worthy youth'; the wedding day was fixed', and we were all invited'.—How sad a change from the highest joy', to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart', when I heard Fundanus himself', (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its affliction',) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes' and jewels', for her marriage', to be employed in myrrh' and spices' for her funeral!

5 He is a man of great learning' and good sense', who has applied himself', from his earliest youth' to the noblest and

most elevated studies': but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books', or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects'; and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness'. We shall excuse', we shall even approve his sorrow', when we consider what he has lost'. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners', as well as his person', and exactly copied out all her father'.

6 If his friend Marcellinus shall think proper to write to him', upon the subject of so reasonable a grief', let me remind him not to use the rougher arguments of consolation', and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them'; but those of kind and sympathizing humanity'.

7 Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason': for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon', but by degrees submits to', and even requires the means of its cure'; so a mind', under the first impressions of a misfortune', shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation', but at length', if applied with tenderness', calmly and willingly acquiesces in them'. Farewell'.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

SECTION IV.

On discretion.

I HAVE often thought', if the minds of men were laid open', we should see but little difference between that of a wise man', and that of a fool'. There are infinite reveries', numberless extravagances', and a succession of vanities', which pass through both'. The great difference is', that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation', by suppressing some', and communicating others'; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words'. This sort of discretion', however', has no place in private conversation between intimate friends'. On such occasions', the wisest men very often talk like the weakest'; for, indeed, talking with a friend', is nothing else than *thinking aloud*'.

2 Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept', delivered by some ancient writers', That a man should live with his enemy in such a manner', as might leave him room to become his friend'; and with his friend', in such a manner', that if he became his enemy', it should not be in his power to hurt him'. The first part of this rule', which regards our behaviour towards an enemy', is indeed very reasonable', as well as very prudential'; but the latter part of it', which regards our behaviour towards a friend' savours more of cunning' than of discretion': and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life', which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend'. Besides that', when a friend is turned into an

enemy', the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend', rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him'.

3 Discretion does not only show itself in words', but in all the circumstances of action', and is like an under-agent of Providence', to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life'. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man', but there is none so useful as discretion'. It is this', indeed', which gives a value to all the rest'; which sets them at work in their proper times' and places'; and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them'. Without it', learning is pedantry', and wit impertinence'; virtue itself looks like weakness'; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors', and active to his own prejudice'.

4 Discretion does not only make a man the master of his own parts', but of other men's'. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with', and knows how to apply them to proper uses'. Accordingly', if we look into particular communities' and divisions of men', we may observe', that it is the discreet man', not the witty', nor the learned', nor the brave', who guides the conversation', and gives measures to society'. A man with great talents', but void of discretion', is like Polyphemus in the fable', strong' and blind'; endued with an irresistible force', which', for want of sight', is of no use to him'.

5 Though a man has all other perfections', yet if he wants discretion', he will be of no great consequence in the world'; on the contrary', if he has this single talent in perfection', and but a common share of others', he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life'.

6 At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of', I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little', mean', ungenerous minds'. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us', and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them': cunning has only private selfish aims', and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed'.

7 Discretion has large and extended views'; and', like a well-formed eye', commands a whole horizon': cunning is a kind of short-sightedness', that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand', but is not able to discern things at a distance'. Discretion', the more it is discovered', gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it': cunning', when it is once detected', loses its force', and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done', had he passed only for a plain man'.

8 Discretion is the perfection of reason', and a guide to us in all the duties of life': cunning is a kind of instinct', that only looks out after our immediate interest' and welfare'. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense' and good understandings': cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves'; and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them'. In short', cunning is only the mimic of discretion'; and it may pass upon weak men', in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit', and gravity' for wisdom'.

9 The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man' makes him look forward into futurity', and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence', as well as what it is at present'. He knows that the misery' or happiness' which is reserved for him in another world', loses nothing of its reality by being placed at so great a distance from him'. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote'. He considers', that those pleasures' and pains' which lie hid in eternity', approach nearer to him every moment'; and will be present with him' in their full weight' and measure', as much as those pains' and pleasures' which he feels at this very instant'. For this reason', he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature', and the ultimate design of his being'.

10 He carries his thoughts to the end of every action', and considers the most distant', as well as the most immediate effects of it'. He supersedes every little prospect of gain' and advantage' which offers itself here', if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter'. In a word', his hopes are full of immortality'; his schemes are large' and glorious'; and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest', and how to pursue it by proper methods'.

ADDISON.

SECTION V.

On the government of our thoughts.

A MULTITUDE of cases occur in which we are no less accountable for what we think, than for what we do. As first, when the introduction of any train of thought depends upon ourselves, and is our voluntary act, by turning our attention towards such objects, awakening such passions, or engaging in such employments, as we know must give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally suggested, are indulged with deliberation and complacency.

2 Though the mind has been passive in their reception, and, therefore, free from blame; yet, if it be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have

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intruded at first, like unbidden guests; but if, when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the case is the same as if they had been invited from the beginning.

3 If we are thus accountable to God for thoughts either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged, we are no less so, in the last place, for those which find admittance into our hearts from supine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire license, "like the eyes of the fool, towards the ends of the earth."

4 Our minds are, in this case, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are prostituted to every evil thing which pleases to take possession. The consequences must all be charged to our account; and in vain we plead excuse from human infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is, to take the most effectual measures for preventing the introduction of such as are sinful; and for hastening their expulsion, if they shall have introduced themselves without consent of the will.

5 But when we descend into our breasts, and examine how far we have studied to keep this object in view, who can tell, "how oft he hath offended?" In no article of religion or morals are men more culpably remiss, than in the unrestrained indulgence they give to fancy: and that too, for the most part, without remorse. Since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought, during our waking hours, has been active in every breast, without a moment's suspension or pause.

6 The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the spiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let me ask, what has been the fruit of this incessant activity, with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or useful effect? How many have either passed away in idle dreams; or have been abandoned to anxious discontented musings, to unsocial and malignant passions, or to irregular and criminal desires?

7 Had I power to lay open that storehouse of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could I draw out and read to them a list of all the imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret; what a picture of men should I present to themselves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in secrecy, which to their most intimate companions they durst not reveal!

8 Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly suffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they

would wish to attain, or choose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their desire. Though such employments of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblamable they seldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate of those intellectual powers that were given to us for much nobler purposes, such romantic speculations lead us always into the neighbourhood of forbidden regions.

9 They place us on dangerous ground. They are, for the most part, connected with some one bad passion; and they always nourish a giddy and frivolous turn of thought. They unfit the mind for applying with vigour to rational pursuits, or for acquiescing in sober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itself to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and relaxed, sickly and tainted, averse to discharging the duties, and sometimes disqualified even for relishing the pleasures of ordinary life.

SECTION VI.

On the evils which flow from unrestrained passions.

WHEN man revolted from his Maker', his passions rebelled against himself'; and', from being originally the ministers of reason', have become the tyrants of the soul'. Hence', in treating of this subject', two things may be assumed as principles': first', that through the present weakness of the understanding', our passions are often directed towards improper objects'; and next', that even when their direction is just', and their objects are innocent', they perpetually tend to run into excess'; they always hurry us towards their gratification', with a blind and dangerous impetuosity'. On these two points', then', turns the whole government of our passions': first', to ascertain the proper objects of their pursuit'; and next', to restrain them in that pursuit', when they would carry us beyond the bounds of reason'.

2 If there is any passion which intrudes itself unseasonably into our mind', which darkens and troubles our judgment', or habitually discomposes our temper': which unfits us for properly discharging the duties', or disqualifies us for cheerfully enjoying the comforts of life', we may certainly conclude it to have gained a dangerous ascendant'. The great object which we ought to propose to ourselves', is, to acquire a firm and steadfast mind', which the infatuation of passion shall not seduce', nor its violence shake'; which', resting on fixed principles', shall', in the midst of contending emotions', remain free', and master of itself', able to listen calmly to

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the voice of conscience', and prepared to obey its dictates without hesitation'.

3 To obtain', if possible', such command of passion', is one of the highest attainments of the rational nature'. Arguments to show its importance', crowd upon us from every quarter'. If there be any fertile source of mischief to human life', it is', beyond doubt', the misrule of passion'. It is this which poisons the enjoyment of individuals', overturns the order of society', and strews the path of life with so many miseries', as to render it indeed the vale of tears'.

4 All those great scenes of public calamity', which we behold with astonishment' and horror', have originated from the source of violent passions'. These have overspread the earth with bloodshed'. These have pointed the assassin's dagger', and filled the poisoned bowl'. These', in every age', have furnished too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declamation', and for the poet's tragical song'. When from public life we descend to private conduct', though passion operates not there in so wide and destructive a sphere', we shall find its influence to be no less baneful'.

5 I need not mention the black and fierce passions', such as envy', jealousy', and revenge', whose effects are obviously noxious', and whose agitations are immediate misery'; but take any of the licentious and sensual kind'. Suppose it to have unlimited scope'; trace it throughout its course', and we shall find that gradually', as it rises', it taints the soundness', and troubles the peace', of his mind over whom it reigns'; that, in its progress', it engages him in pursuits which are marked either with danger' or with shame'; that', in the end', it wastes his fortune', destroys his health', or debases his character'; and aggravates all the miseries in which it has involved him', with the concluding pangs of bitter remorse'. Through all the stages of this fatal course', how many have heretofore run'? What multitudes do we daily behold pursuing it', with blind and headlong steps'?

BLAIR.

SECTION VII.

On the proper state of our temper, with respect to one another.

IT is evident', in the general', that if we consult either public welfare' or private happiness', Christian charity ought to regulate our disposition in mutual intercourse'. But as this great principle admits of several diversified appearances', let us consider some of the chief forms under which it ought to show itself in the usual tenor of life'.

2 What', first', presents itself to be recommended', is a peaceable temper'; a disposition averse to give offence', and

desirous of cultivating harmony', and amicable intercourse in society'. This supposes yielding' and condescending manners', unwillingness to contend with others about trifles', and', in contests that are unavoidable', proper moderation of spirit'.

3 Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment'. It is the basis of all order' and happiness among mankind'. The positive' and contentious', the rude', and quarrelsome', are the bane of society'. They seem destined to blast the small share of comfort' which nature has here allotted to man'. But they cannot disturb the peace of others', more than they break their own'. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom', before it is let forth upon the world'. In the tempests which they raise', they are always tossed', and frequently it is their lot to perish'.

4 A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one', or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness' and impartiality'. This stands opposed to a jealous' and suspicious temper', which ascribes every action to the worst motive', and throws a black shade over every character'. If we would be happy in ourselves', or in our connexions with others', let us guard against this malignant spirit'. Let us study that charity "which thinketh no evil"; that temper which', without degenerating into credulity', will dispose us to be just'; and which can allow us to observe an error', without imputing it as a crime'. Thus we shall be kept free from that continual irritation', which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast', and shall walk among men as our brethren', not as our enemies'.

5 But to be peaceable', and to be candid', is not all that is required of a good man'. He must cultivate a kind', generous', and sympathizing temper', which feels for distress', wherever it is beheld'; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour', and to all with whom he has intercourse', is gentle', obliging', and humane'. How amiable appears such a disposition', when contrasted with a malicious' or envious temper', which wraps itself up in its own narrow interest', looks with an evil eye on the success of others', and, with an unnatural satisfaction', feeds on their disappointments' or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life', who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices' and kind affections', which', by a pleasing charm', attaches men to one another', and circulates joy from heart' to heart'!

6 We are not to imagine', that a benevolent temper finds no exercise', unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generosity', or of extensive utility'. These may seldom occur'. The condition of the greater part of man-

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kind', in a good measure', precludes them'. But', in the ordinary round of human affairs', many occasions daily present themselves', of mitigating the vexations which others suffer'; of soothing their minds'; of aiding their interest'; of promoting their cheerfulness' or ease'. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life'.

7 But let us remember', that of small incidents the system of human life is chiefly composed'. The attentions which respect these', when suggested by real benignity of temper', are often more material to the happiness of those around us' than actions which 'carry the appearance of greater dignity' and splendour'. No wise' or good man', ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard', which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union'. Particularly amidst that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life', all the virtues of temper find an ample range'.

8 It is very unfortunate', that within that circle', men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion' and humour'. Whereas there', on the contrary', more than any where else', it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart'; to check what is violent in their tempers', and to soften what is harsh in their manners'. For there the temper is formed'. There', the real character displays itself'. The forms of the world' disguise men when abroad'. But within his own family', every man is known to be what he truly is'.

9 In all our intercourse then with others', particularly in that which is closest' and most intimate', let us cultivate a peaceable', a candid', a gentle', and friendly temper'. This is the temper to which', by repeated injunctions', our holy religion seeks to form us'. This was the temper of Christ'. This is the temper of Heaven'.

SECTION VIII.

Excellence of the Holy Scriptures.

IS it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it: for amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

2 There is not a book on earth, so favourable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, to injustice, and every sort of malevo-

lence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing throughout, but mercy benevolence, and peace.

3 Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the divine nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions, that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is in vain to look for in any human composition.

4 Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom

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SECTION IX.

Reflections occasioned by a review of the blessings pronounced by Christ on his disciples, in his Sermon on the Mount.

WHAT abundant reason have we to thank God, that this large and instructive discourse of our blessed Redeemer, is so particularly recorded by the sacred historian. Let every one that "hath ears to hear," attend to it: for surely no man ever spoke as our Lord did on this occasion. Let us fix our minds in a posture of humble attention, that we may "receive the law from his mouth."

2 He opened it with blessings, repeated and most important blessings. But on whom are they pronounced? and whom are we taught to think the happiest of mankind? The meek and the humble; the penitent and the merciful; the peaceful, and the pure; those that hunger and thirst after righteousness; those that labour, but faint not under persecution! Lord! how different are thy maxims from those of the children of this world!

3 They call the proud happy; and admire the gay, the rich, the powerful, and the victorious. But let a vain world take its gaudy trifles, and dress up the foolish creatures that pursue them. May our souls share in that happiness, which

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the Son of God came to recommend' and to procure! May we obtain mercy of the Lord'; may we be owned as his children'; enjoy his presence'; and inherit his kingdom! With these enjoyments, and these hopes', we will cheerfully welcome the lowest', or the most painful circumstances'.

4 Let us be animated to cultivate those amiable virtues', which are here recommended to us'; this humility' and meekness'; this penitent sense of sin'; this ardent desire after righteousness'; this compassion' and purity'; this peacefulness' and fortitude of soul'; and', in a word', this universal goodness which becomes us', as we sustain the character of "the salt of the earth'," and "the light of the world'."

5 Is there not reason to lament', that we answer the character no better'? Is there not reason to exclaim with a good man in former times', "Blessed Lord! either these are not thy words', or we are not Christians!" Oh', season our hearts more effectually with thy grace! Pour forth that divine oil on our lamps! Then shall the flame brighten'; then shall the ancient honours of thy religion be revived'; and multitudes be awakened' and animated', by the lustre of it', "to glorify our Father in heaven'."

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION X.

Schemes of life often illusory.

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

2 Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands; and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

3 The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which

thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

4 "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head. "Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

5 "Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment; and shall never more be weary of myself.

6 "I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide: with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

7 "I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state." Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

8 "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

9 "I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges;

I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence; and the love of praise fastened on my heart."

10 "I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers; and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude: but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

11 "In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

12 "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the wall of Bagdat."

DR. JOHNSON.

SECTION XI.

The pleasures of virtuous sensibility.

THE good effects of true sensibility', on general virtue' and happiness', admit of no dispute'. Let us consider its effect on the happiness of him who possesses it', and the various pleasures to which it gives him access'. If he is master of riches' or influence', it affords him the means of increasing his own enjoyment', by relieving the wants', or increasing the comforts of others'. If he commands not these advantages', yet all the comforts which he sees in the possession of the deserving', become in some sort his', by his rejoicing in the good which they enjoy'.

2 Even the face of nature', yields a satisfaction to him', which the insensible can never know'. The profusion of goodness', which he beholds poured forth on the universe', dilates his heart with the thought', that innumerable multitudes around him' are blest' and happy'. When he sees the labours of men

appearing to prosper', and views a country flourishing in wealth' and industry'; when he beholds the spring coming forth in its beauty', and reviving the decayed face of nature', or in autumn, beholds the fields loaded with plenty', and the year crowned with all its fruits'; he lifts his affections with gratitude to the great Father of all', and rejoices in the general felicity' and joy'.

3 It may indeed be objected', that the same sensibility lays open the heart to be pierced with many wounds', from the distresses which abound in the world'; exposes us to frequent suffering from the participation which it communicates of the sorrows' as well as of the joys of friendship'. But let it be considered', that the tender melancholy of sympathy', is accompanied with a sensation', which they who feel it would not exchange for the gratifications of the selfish'. When the heart is strongly moved by any of the kind affections', even when it pours itself forth in virtuous sorrow', a secret attractive charm mingles with the painful emotion'; there is a joy in the midst of grief'.

4 Let it be farther considered', that the griefs which sensibility introduces', are counterbalanced by pleasures which flow from the same source'. Sensibility heightens in general the human powers', and is connected with acuteness in all our feelings'. If it makes us more alive to some painful sensations', in return', it renders the pleasing ones more vivid' and animated'.

5 The selfish man' languishes in his narrow circle of pleasures'. They are confined to what affects his own interest'. He is obliged to repeat the same gratifications', till they become insipid'. But the man of virtuous sensibility' moves in a wider sphere of felicity'. His powers are much more frequently called forth into occupations of pleasing activity'.—Numberless occasions open to him of indulging his favourite taste', by conveying satisfaction to others'. Often it is in his power', in one way or other', to soothe the afflicted heart', to carry some consolation into the house of wo'.

6 In the scenes of ordinary life', in the domestic' and social intercourses of men', the cordiality of his affections cheers' and gladdens him'. Every appearance', every description of innocent happiness', is enjoyed by him'. Every native expression of kindness' and affection among others', is felt by him', even though he be not the object of it'. In a circle of friends enjoying one another', he is happy as the happiest'.

7 In a word', he lives in a different sort of world', from that which the selfish man inhabits'. He possesses a new sense that enables him to behold objects which the selfish cannot see'. At the same time', his enjoyments are not of that kind which

remain merely on the surface of the mind'. They penetrate the heart'. They enlarge' and elevate', they refine' and ennoble it'. To all the pleasing emotions of affection', they add the dignified consciousness of virtue'.

8 Children of men! men formed by nature to live' and to feel as brethren! how long will ye continue to estrange yourselves from one another by competitions' and jealousies', when in cordial union ye might be so much more blest? How long will ye seek your happiness in selfish gratifications alone', neglecting those purer' and better sources of joy', which flow from the affections and the heart?

BLAIR.

SECTION XII.

On the true honour of man.

THE proper honour of man arises not from some of those splendid actions and abilities, which excite high admiration. Courage and prowess, military renown, signal victories and conquests, may render the name of a man famous, without rendering his character truly honourable. To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in story, we look up with wonder. Their exploits are recorded. Their praises are sung. They stand, as on an eminence, above the rest of mankind. Their eminence, nevertheless, may not be of that sort, before which we bow with inward esteem and respect. Something more is wanted for that purpose, than the conquering arm, and the intrepid mind.

2 The laurels of the warrior must at all times be dyed in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. But if they have been stained by rapine and inhumanity; if sordid avarice has marked his character; or low and gross sensuality has degraded his life; the great hero sinks into a little man. What, at a distance, or on a superficial view, we admired, becomes mean, perhaps odious, when we examine it more closely. It is like the Colossal statue, whose immense size struck the spectator afar off with astonishment; but when nearly viewed, it appears disproportioned, unshapely, and rude.

3 Observations of the same kind may be applied to all the reputation derived from civil accomplishments; from the refined politics of the statesman, or the literary efforts of genius and erudition. These bestow, and within certain bounds ought to bestow, eminence and distinction on men. They discover talents which in themselves are shining; and which become highly valuable, when employed in advancing the good of mankind. Hence, they frequently give rise to fame. But

a distinction is to be made between fame and true honour.

4 The statesman, the orator, or the poet, may be famous, while yet the man himself is far from being honoured. We envy his abilities. We wish to rival them. But we would not choose to be classed with him who possesses them. Instances of this sort are too often found in every record of ancient or modern history.

5 From all this it follows, that in order to discern where man's true honour lies, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.

6 A mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection: such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.

7 One who, in no situation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest and happiness; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word we can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives us; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart; one, in fine, whom independently of any views of advantage, we should choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother—this is the man, whom, in our heart, above all others, we do, we must honour.

BLAIR.

SECTION XIII.

The influence of devotion on the happiness of life.

WHATEVER promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion produces these effects in a remarkable degree. It inspires composure of spirit, mildness, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cherishes the pleasing emotions;

and, by these means, carries on the life of a pious man in a smooth and placid tenor.

2 Besides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire strangers; enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement, when the world leaves us; and to adversity, when it becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort.

3 For let him be placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God, and to devotion, how dreary will the gloom of solitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will sickness, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits!

4 But for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared. From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrosion of its cares and sorrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and surrounds him there with such objects as are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart.

5 If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things, about to arise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that Supreme Being, who, though every other friend fail, will never forsake him.

6 Let us consult our experience, and we shall find, that the two greatest sources of inward joy, are the exercise of love directed towards a deserving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and assured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion: and therefore we have no reason to be surprised, if on some occasions, it fills the hearts of good men with a satisfaction not to be expressed.

7 The refined pleasures of a pious mind are, in many respects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense. They are pleasures which belong to the highest powers and best affections of the soul; whereas the gratifications of sense reside in the lowest region of our nature. To the latter, the soul stoops below its native dignity. The former raise it above itself. The latter leave always a comfortless, often a mortifying, remembrance behind them. The former are reviewed with applause and delight.

8 The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent, which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves

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an empty and offensive channel. But the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks.

9 To thee, O Devotion! we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue, and the rest of our souls, in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts. Thou calmest the passions. Thou exaltest the heart. Thy communications, and thine only, are imparted to the low, no less than to the high; to the poor, as well as to the rich.

10 In thy presence, worldly distinctions cease; and under thy influence, worldly sorrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable; inaccessible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginnest on earth the temper of heaven.—In thee, the hosts of angels and blessed spirits eternally rejoice.

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SECTION XIV.

The planetary and terrestrial worlds comparatively considered.

TO us', who dwell on its surface', the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold'; it is also clothed with verdure', distinguished by trees', and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations'; whereas', to a spectator placed on one of the planets', it wears a uniform aspect'; looks all luminous'; and no larger than a spot'. To beings who dwell at still greater distances', it entirely disappears'.

2 That which we call alternately the morning' and the evening star', (as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn'), is a planetary world'. This planet', and the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance', are in themselves dark bodies', and shine only by reflection'; have fields', and seas', and skies of their own'; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence', and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life'; all which', together with our earthly habitation', are dependent on that grand dispenser of Divine munificence', the sun', receive their light from the distribution of his rays', and derive their comfort from his benign agency'.

3 The sun' which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky', is, in this respect', fixed', and immoveable': it is the great axle of heaven', about which the globe we inhabit', and other more spacious orbs', wheel their stated courses'. The sun', though seemingly smaller than the dial it illumin-

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ates', is more than a million times larger than this whole earth', on which so many lofty mountains rise', and such vast oceans roll'. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb', would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles': a girdle formed to go round its circumference', would require a length of millions'. Were its solid contents to be estimated', the account would overwhelm our understanding', and be almost beyond the power of language to express'. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy'!

4 Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise', "How mighty is the Being who kindled so prodigious a fire'; and keeps alive', from age to age', so enormous a mass of flame'!" let us attend our philosophical guides', and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged' and more inflaming'.

5 This sun', with all its attendant planets', is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe': every star', though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring', is really a vast globe', like the sun in size', and in glory'; no less spacious', no less luminous', than the radiant source of day'. So that every star' is not barely a world'; but the centre of a magnificent system'; has a retinue of worlds', irradiated by its beams', and revolving round its attractive influence', all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether'.

6 That the stars appear like so many diminutive', and scarcely distinguishable points', is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance'. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is', since a ball', shot from the loaded cannon', and flying with unabated rapidity', must travel', at this impetuous rate', almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries'.

7 While', beholding this vast expanse', I learn my own extreme meanness', I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things'. What is the earth', with all her ostentatious scenes', compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies'? What', but a dim speck', hardly perceivable in the map of the universe'?

8 It is observed by a very judicious writer', that if the sun himself', which enlightens this part of the creation', were extinguished', and all the host of planetary worlds', which move about him', were annihilated', they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature', any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore'. The bulk of which they consist', and the space which they occupy', are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole', that their loss would

scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works'.

9 If then', not our globe only', but this whole system', be so very diminutive', what is a kingdom', or a country'? What are a few lordships', or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy'? When I measure them with my own little pittance', they swell into proud and bloated dimensions': but when I take the universe for my standard', how scanty is their size'! how contemptible their figure'! They shrink into pompous nothings'.

ADDISON.

SECTION XV.

On the power of custom, and the uses to which it may be applied.

THERE is not a common saying, which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that "Custom is a second nature." It is indeed able to form the man anew; and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with.

2 A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for sometime disused.

3 Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves, in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions it is accustomed to; and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which it has been used to walk.

4 If we attentively consider this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life, or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him, at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

5 In the second place, I would recommend to every one, the admirable precept, which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful."

6 Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable.—The voice of reason is more to be regarded, than the bent of any present inclination: since, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

7 In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther we advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will, in a little time, find that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace."

8 To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure; from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason; and from the prospect of a happy immortality.

9 In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in even the most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much inferior and an unprofitable nature.

10 The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is, to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it: we must, in this world, gain a relish for truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in it during this its present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

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SECTION XVI.

The pleasures resulting from a proper use of our faculties.

HAPPY that man', who', unembarrassed by vulgar cares', master of himself', his time', and fortune', spends his time in making himself wiser'; and his fortune', in making others' (and therefore himself') happier': who', as the will' and understanding' are the two ennobling faculties of the soul', thinks himself not complete', till his understanding is beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge', as well as his will enriched with every virtue'; who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude', and enliven conversation'; who', when serious', is not sullen'; and when cheerful', not indiscreetly gay'; whose ambition is', not to be admired for a false glare of greatness', but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom' and goodness'.

2 The greatest minister of state' has not more business to do', in a public capacity', than he', and indeed every other man', may find in the retired and still scenes of life'. Even in his private walks', every thing that is visible' convinces him there is present a Being invisible'. Aided by natural philosophy', he reads plain', legible traces of the Divinity', in every thing he meets': he sees the Deity in every tree', as well as Moses did in the burning bush', though not in so glaring a manner': and when he sees him', he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart'.

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SECTION XVII.

Description of candour.

TRUE candour is altogether different from that guarded', inoffensive language', and that studied openness of behaviour', which we so frequently meet with among men of the world'. Smiling', very often', is the aspect', and smooth are the words of those', who', inwardly', are the most ready to think evil of others'. That candour which is a Christian virtue', consists', not in fairness of speech', but in fairness of heart'.

2 It may want the blandishment of external courtesy', but supplies its place with a humane and generous liberality of sentiment'. Its manners are unaffected', and its professions cordial'. Exempt', on one hand', from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind', it is no less removed', on the other', from that easy credulity which is imposed on by every specious pretence'. It is perfectly consistent with extensive knowledge of the world', and with due attention to our own safety'.

3 In that various intercourse', which we are obliged to carry on with persons of every different character', suspicion',

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to a certain degree', is a necessary guard'. It is only when it exceeds the bounds of prudent caution', that it degenerates into vice'. There is a proper mean between undistinguished credulity', and universal jealousy', which a sound understanding discerns', and which the man of candour studies to preserve'.

4 He makes allowance for the mixture of evil' with good', which is to be found in every human character'. He expects none to be faultless', and he is unwilling to believe that there is any without some commendable qualities'. In the midst of many defects', he can discover a virtue'. Under the influence of personal resentment', he can be just to the merit of an enemy'.

5 He never lends an open ear to those defamatory reports' and dark suggestions', which', among the tribes of the censorious', circulate with so much rapidity', and meet with so ready acceptance'. He is not hasty to judge'; and he requires full evidence before he will condemn'.

6 As long as an action can be ascribed to different motives', he holds it as no mark of sagacity to impute it always to the worst'. Where there is just ground for doubt', he keeps his judgment undecided'; and', during the period of suspense', leans to the most charitable construction which an action can bear'. When he must condemn', he condemns with regret'; and without those aggravations which the severity of others adds to the crime'. He listens calmly to the apology of the offender', and readily admits every extenuating circumstance', which equity can suggest'.

7 How much soever he may blame the principles of any sect or party', he never confounds', under one general censure', all who belong to that party or sect'. He charges them not with such consequences of their tenets', as they refuse' and disavow'. From one wrong opinion', he does not infer the subversion of all sound principles'; nor from one bad action', conclude that all regard to conscience is overthrown'.

8 When he "beholds the mote in his brother's eye'," he remembers "the beam in his own'." He commiserates human frailty', and judges of others according to the principles' by which he would think it reasonable that they should judge of him'. In a word', he views men' and actions' in the clear sunshine of charity' and good nature'; and not in that dark and sullen shade which jealousy' and party-spirit' throw over all characters'.

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SECTION XVIII.

On the imperfection of that happiness which rests solely on worldly pleasures.

THE vanity of human pleasures, is a topic which might be embellished with the pomp of much description. But I shall studiously avoid exaggeration, and only point out a threefold vanity in human life, which every impartial observer cannot but admit; disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment, uncertainty in possession.

2 First, disappointment in pursuit. When we look around us on the world, we every where behold a busy multitude, intent on the prosecution of various designs, which their wants or desires have suggested. We behold them employing every method which ingenuity can devise; some the patience of industry, some the boldness of enterprise, others the dexterity of stratagem, in order to compass their ends.

3 Of this incessant stir and activity, what is the fruit? in comparison of the crowd who have toiled in vain, how small is the number of the successful? Or rather, where is the man who will declare, that in every point he has completed his plan, and attained his utmost wish?

4 No extent of human abilities has been able to discover a path which, in any line of life, leads unerringly to success. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding." We may form our plans with the most profound sagacity, and with the most vigilant caution may guard against dangers on every side. But some unforeseen occurrence comes across, which baffles our wisdom, and lays our labours in the dust.

5 Were such disappointments confined to those who aspire at engrossing the higher departments of life, the misfortune would be less. The humiliation of the mighty, and the fall of ambition from its towering height, little concern the bulk of mankind. These are objects on which, as on distant meteors, they gaze from afar, without drawing personal instruction from events so much above them.

6 But, alas! when we descend into the regions of private life, we find disappointment and blasted hope equally prevalent there. Neither the moderation of our views, nor the justice of our pretensions, can insure success. But "time and chance happen to all." Against the stream of events, both the worthy and the undeserving are obliged to struggle; and both are frequently overborne alike by the current.

7 Besides disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment is a farther vanity, to which the human state is

subject. This is the severest of all mortifications; after having been successful in the pursuit, to be baffled in the enjoyment itself! Yet this is found to be an evil still more general than the former. Some may be so fortunate as to attain what they have pursued; but none are rendered completely happy by what they have attained.

8 Disappointed hope is misery; and yet successful hope is only imperfect bliss. Look through all the ranks of mankind. Examine the condition of those who appear most prosperous; and you will find that they are never just what they desire to be. If retired, they languish for action; if busy, they complain of fatigue. If in middle life, they are impatient for distinction; if in high stations, they sigh after freedom and ease. Something is still wanting to that plenitude of satisfaction, which they expected to acquire. Together with every wish that is gratified, a new demand arises. One void opens in the heart, as another is filled. On wishes, wishes grow; and to the end, it is rather the expectation of what they have not, than the enjoyment of what they have, which occupies and interests the most successful.

9 This dissatisfaction in the midst of human pleasure, springs partly from the nature of our enjoyments themselves, and partly from circumstances which corrupt them. No worldly enjoyments are adequate to the high desires and powers of an immortal spirit. Fancy paints them at a distance with splendid colours; but possession unveils the fallacy. The eagerness of passion bestows upon them, at first, a brisk and lively relish. But it is their fate always to pall by familiarity, and sometimes to pass from satiety into disgust.

10 Happy would the poor man think himself, if he could enter on all the treasures of the rich; and happy for a short time he might be: but before he had long contemplated and admired his state, his possessions would seem to lessen, and his cares would grow.

11 Add to the unsatisfying nature of our pleasures, the attending circumstances which never fail to corrupt them. For such as they are, they are at no time possessed unmixed. To human lips it is not given to taste the cup of pure joy. When external circumstances show fairest to the world, the envied man groans in private under his own burden. Some vexation disquiets, some passion corrodes him; some distress, either felt or feared, gnaws like a worm, the root of his felicity. When there is nothing from without to disturb the prosperous, a secret poison operates within. For worldly happiness ever tends to destroy itself, by corrupting the heart. It fosters the loose and the violent passions. It engenders noxious habits; and

taints the mind with false delicacy, which makes it feel a thousand unreal evils.

12 But put the case in the most favourable light. Lay aside from human pleasures both disappointment in pursuit, and deceitfulness in enjoyment; suppose them to be fully attainable, and completely satisfactory; still there remains to be considered the vanity of uncertain possession and short duration. Were there in worldly things any fixed point of security which we could gain, the mind would then have some basis on which to rest.

13 But our condition is such, that every thing wavers and totters around us. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." It is much if, during its course, thou hearest not of somewhat to disquiet or alarm thee. For life never proceeds long in a uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events.

14 The seeds of alteration are every where sown; and the sunshine of prosperity commonly accelerates their growth. If our enjoyments are numerous, we lie more open on different sides to be wounded. If we have possessed them long, we have greater cause to dread an approaching change. By slow degrees prosperity rises; but rapid is the progress of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward.

15 The edifice which it cost much time and labour to erect, one inauspicious event, one sudden blow, can level with the dust. Even supposing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliss must still be transitory; for man changes of himself. No course of enjoyment can delight us long. What amused our youth, loses its charm in maturer age. As years advance, our powers are blunted, and our pleasurable feelings decline.

16 The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, till at length the period comes, when all must be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits, is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. "Our days are a hand's breadth, and our age is as nothing." Within that little space is all our enterprise bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and strife. We project great designs, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfinished, and sink into oblivion.

17 This much let it suffice to have said concerning the vanity of the world. That too much has not been said, must appear to every one who considers how generally mankind lean to the opposite side; and how often, by undue attachment to the present state, they both feed the most sinful passions, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows."

BLAIR.

SECTION XIX.

What are the real and solid enjoyments of human life.

IT must be admitted', that unmixed' and complete happiness', is unknown on earth'. No regulation of conduct' can altogether prevent passions from disturbing our peace', and misfortunes from wounding our heart'. But after this concession is made', will it follow', that there is no object on earth which deserves our pursuit', or that all enjoyment becomes contemptible which is not perfect'? Let us survey our state with an impartial eye', and be just to the various gifts of Heaven'.

2 How vain soever this life', considered in itself', may be', the comforts' and hopes of religion' are sufficient to give solidity to the enjoyments of the righteous'. In the exercise of good affections', and the testimony of an approving conscience'; in the sense of peace' and reconciliation with God', through the great Redeemer of mankind'; in the firm confidence of being conducted through all the trials of life', by infinite Wisdom' and Goodness'; and in the joyful prospect of arriving', in the end', at immortal felicity'; they possess a happiness which', descending from a purer and more perfect region than this world', partakes not of its vanity'.

3 Besides the enjoyments peculiar to religion', there are other pleasures of our present state', which', though of an inferior order', must not be overlooked in the estimate of human life'. It is necessary to call the attention to these', in order to check that repining and unthankful spirit', to which man is always too prone'.

4 Some degree of importance must be allowed to the comforts of health', to the innocent gratifications of sense', and to the entertainment afforded us by all the beautiful scenes of nature'; some to the pursuits' and harmless amusements of social life'; and more to the internal enjoyments of thought' and reflection', and to the pleasures of affectionate intercourse with those whom we love'. These comforts are often held in too low estimation', merely because they are ordinary', and common'; although that is the circumstance which ought', in reason', to enhance their value'. They lie open', in some degree', to all'; extend through every rank of life'; and fill up agreeably many of those spaces in our present existence', which are not occupied with higher objects', or with serious cares'.

5 From this representation', it appears that', notwithstanding the vanity of the world', a considerable degree of comfort is attainable in the present state'. Let the recollection of this serve to reconcile us to our condition', and to repress the arrogance of complaints' and murmurs'.—What art thou', O son of man! who', having sprung but yesterday out of

the dust', darest to lift up thy voice against thy Maker', and to arraign his providence', because all things are not ordered according to thy wish'?

6 What title hast thou to find fault with the order of the universe', whose lot is so much beyond what thy virtue' or merit' gave thee ground to claim'? Is it nothing to thee to have been introduced into this magnificent world'; to have been admitted as a spectator of the Divine wisdom and works'; and to have had access to all the comforts which nature', with a bountiful hand', has poured forth around thee'? Are all the hours forgotten which thou hast passed in ease', in complacency', or joy'?

7 Is it a small favour in thy eyes', that the hand of Divine Mercy has been stretched forth to aid thee'; and', if thou reject not its proffered assistance', is ready to conduct thee to a happier state of existence'? When thou comparest thy condition' with thy desert', blush and be ashamed of thy complaints'. Be silent', be grateful', and adore'. Receive with thankfulness the blessings which are allowed thee'. Revere that government which at present refuses thee more'. Rest in this conclusion', that though there are evils in the world', its Creator is wise, and good', and has been bountiful to thee'.
BLAIR.

SECTION XX.

Scale of beings.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world; by which I mean, that system of bodies, into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations that those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising, in contemplations on the world of life; by which I intend, all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

2 If we consider those parts of the material world, which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observation and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which they are stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarcely a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. We find, even in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities, which are crowded with imperceptible inhabitants, too little for the naked eye to discover.

3 On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers teeming with

numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences, for the livelihood of the multitudes which inhabit it.

4 The author of the "Plurality of Worlds," draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, with which we are acquainted, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, are not desert and unpeopled; but rather, that they are furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

5 Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals; and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

6 Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in conferring existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings, which comes within our knowledge.

7 There are some living creatures, which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shellfish, which is formed in the fashion of a cone; that grows to the surface of several rocks; and immediately dies on being severed from the place where it grew. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense than that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell; and others of sight.

8 It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances, through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed, that is complete in all its senses; and even among these, there is such a different degree of perfection, in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals is distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature.

9 If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we

find them rising, after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another; and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species, comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

10 The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, in his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he made but one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has, therefore, *specified*, in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being.

11 The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, rising one after another, by an ascent so gentle and easy, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarcely a degree of perception, which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

12 There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by so regular a progress, so high as man, we may, by parity of reason, suppose, that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect.

13 In this great system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man; who fills up the middle space between the animal and the intellectual nature, the visible and the invisible world; and who is that link in the chain of being, which forms the connexion between both. So that he who, in one respect, is associated with angels and archangels, and may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to "corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

ADDISON.

SECTION XXI.

Trust in the care of Providence recommended.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless, and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides; and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

2 It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

3 The natural homage, which such a creature owes to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him, or the blessings and conveniences of life; and a habitual trust in him, for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

4 The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety, and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up, by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty.

5 In short, the person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection. To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable, had it been forbidden us.

6 Among several motives, which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow. The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him. But without considering the supernatural blessing, which accompanies this duty, we may observe, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or in other words, that this firm trust and con-

fidence in the great Disposer of all things, contribute very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing of it manfully.

7 A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities; and does wonders, that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. Trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind which alleviate those calamities that we are not able to remove.

8 The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man, in times of poverty and affliction; but most of all, in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering, in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new; what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon HIM, who first gave her being; who has conducted her through one stage of it; and who will be always present, to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

ADDISON.

SECTION XXII.

Piety and gratitude enliven prosperity.

PIETY, and gratitude to God, contribute, in a high degree, to enliven prosperity. Gratitude is a pleasing emotion. The sense of being distinguished by the kindness of another, gladdens the heart, warms it with reciprocal affection, and gives to any possession which is agreeable in itself, a double relish, from its being the gift of a friend. Favours conferred by men, I acknowledge, may prove burdensome. For human virtue is never perfect; and sometimes unreasonable expectations on the one side, sometimes a mortifying sense of dependence on the other, corrode in secret the pleasures of benefits, and convert the obligations of friendship into grounds of jealousy.

2 But nothing of this kind can affect the intercourse of gratitude with Heaven. Its favours are wholly disinterested, and with a gratitude the most cordial and unsuspecting, a good man looks up to that Almighty Benefactor, who aims at no end but the happiness of those whom he blesses, and who desires no return from them, but a devout and thankful heart. While others can trace their prosperity to no higher source than a concurrence of worldly causes; and, often, of

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mean or trifling incidents, which occasionally favoured their designs; with what superior satisfaction does the servant of God remark the hand of that gracious Power which hath raised him up; which hath happily conducted him through the various steps of life, and crowned him with the most favourable distinction beyond his equals?

3 Let us farther consider, that not only gratitude for the past, but a cheering sense of divine favour at the present, enters into the pious emotion. They are only the virtuous, who in their prosperous days hear this voice addressed to them, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a cheerful heart; for God now accepteth thy works." He who is the author of their prosperity, gives them a title to enjoy, with complacency, his own gift.

4 While bad men snatch the pleasures of the world as by stealth, without countenance from the great Proprietor of the world, the righteous sit openly down to the feast of life under the smile of approving heaven. No guilty fears damp their joys. The blessing of God rests upon all that they possess; his protection surrounds them; and hence, "in the habitations of the righteous, is found the voice of rejoicing and salvation." A lustre unknown to others, invests, in their sight, the whole face of nature.

5 Their piety reflects a sunshine from heaven upon the prosperity of the world; unites in one point of view, the smiling aspect, both of the powers above, and of the objects below. Not only have they as full a relish as others, for the innocent pleasures of life, but, moreover, in these they hold communion with their divine Benefactor. In all that is good or fair, they trace his hand. From the beauties of nature, from the improvements of art, from the enjoyments of social life, they raise their affection to the source of all the happiness which surrounds them; and thus widen the sphere of their pleasures, by adding intellectual, and spiritual, to earthly joys.

6 For illustration of what I have said on this head, remark that cheerful enjoyment of a prosperous state, which king David had when he wrote the twenty-third psalm; and compare the highest pleasures of the riotous sinner, with the happy and satisfied spirit which breathes throughout that psalm.—In the midst of the splendour of royalty, with what amiable simplicity of gratitude does he look up to the Lord as "his Shepherd;" happier in ascribing all his success to divine favour, than to the policy of his councils, or to the force of his arms!

7 How many instances of divine goodness arose before him in pleasing remembrance, when with such relish, he

speaks of the "green pastures and still waters, beside which God had led him; of his cup which he had made to overflow; and of the table which he had prepared for him in the presence of his enemies!" With what perfect tranquillity does he look forward to the time of his passing through "the valley of the shadow of death;" unappalled by that spectre, whose most distant appearance blasts the prosperity of sinners! He fears no evil, as long as "the rod and the staff" of his Divine Shepherd are with him; and through all the unknown periods of this and of future existence, commits himself to his guidance with secure and triumphant hope: "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

8 What a purified, sentimental enjoyment of prosperity is here exhibited! How different from that gross relish of worldly pleasures, which belongs to those who behold only the terrestrial side of things; who raise their views to no higher objects than the succession of human contingencies, and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their prosperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and trust!

BLAIR.

SECTION XXIII.

Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not subject to the influence of fortune.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family.

2 He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he had received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many, who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous, even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

3 While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him

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king. They informed him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and required him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they admonished him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

4 All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests; and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him, that they were serious in their proposal; and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office and accompany them to the palace.

5 No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies; who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the new-elected prince to be sent for; and enquired of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made; and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

SECTION XXIV.

The Speech of FABRICIUS, a Roman ambassador to king Pyrrhus, who attempted to bribe him to his interests, by the offer of a great sum of money.

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been justly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground; from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived.

2 I have no reason to complain of fortune: she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess I should be more able to succour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something

to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends.

3 With respect to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest: for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion; she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate.

4 The Roman people honour me for that very poverty, which king Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myself, without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity: and if I have anything to complain of, in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from self-reproach; and I have an honest fame.

SECTION XXV.

Character of JAMES I. king of England.

NO prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries.

2 Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity; his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy and boyish fondness.

3 While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbors, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims, than to conduct any intricate business.

4 His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was disqualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in

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his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. 'Of a feeble temper, more than of a frugal judgment: exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance.

5 And, upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice, which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

HUME.

SECTION XXVI.

CHARLES V. *emperor of Germany, resigns his dominions, and retires from the world.*

THIS great emperor, in the plenitude of his power, and in possession of all the honours which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary resolution, to resign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in business or the affairs of this world, in order that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude.

2 Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary discernment, to discover that the state of royalty is not exempt from cares and disappointments; though most of those who are exalted to a throne, find solicitude and satiety, and disgust, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied pre-eminence; yet, to descend voluntarily from the supreme to a subordinate station, and to relinquish the possession of power in order to attain the enjoyment of happiness, seems to be an effort too great for the human mind.

3 Several instances, indeed, occur in history, of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes, who took this resolution rashly, and repented of it as soon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whose hands some strong rival had wrested their sceptre, and compelled them to descend with reluctance into a private station.

4 Dioclesian is, perhaps, the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever resigned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy the tranquillity of retirement, without fetching one penitent sigh, or casting back one look of desire, towards the power or dignity which he had abandoned.

5 No wonder, then, that Charles' resignation should fill all Europe with astonishment; and give rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to

various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-six, when objects of ambition operate with full force on the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so singular and unexpected.

6 The emperor, in pursuance of his determination, having assembled the states of the Low Countries at Brussels, seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state: on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other, his sister, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain and princes of the empire standing behind him.

7 The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir; and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal that they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

8 Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration.

9 He observed, that from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing dominions so extensive, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to

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protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

10 Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him, with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

11 As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of so extraordinary an effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some from admiration of his magnanimity; others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had dis-

tinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

SECTION XXVII.

The same subject continued.

A FEW weeks after the resignation of the Netherlands, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

2 Nothing now remained to detain him from that retreat for which he languished. Every thing having been prepared some time for his voyage, he set out for Zuitburgh in Zealand, where the fleet had orders to rendezvous. In his way thither, he passed through Ghent: and after stopping there a few days, to indulge that tender and pleasing melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth, he pursued his journey, accompanied by his son Philip, his daughter the arch-duchess, his sisters the dowager queens of France and Hungary, Maximilian, his son-in-law, and a numerous retinue of the Flemish nobility. Before he went on board, he dismissed them with marks of his attention and regard; and taking leave of Philip with all the tenderness of a father who embraced his son for the last time, he set sail under convoy of a large fleet of Spanish, Flemish, and English ships.

3 His voyage was prosperous and agreeable, and he arrived at Laredo in Biscay, on the eleventh day after he left Zealand. As soon as he landed, he fell prostrate on the ground; and considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind." From Laredo he proceeded to Valladolid. There he took a last and tender leave of his two sisters, whom he would not permit to accompany him to his solitude, though they entreated it with tears: not only that they might have the consolation of contributing, by their attendance and care, to mitigate or to soothe his sufferings, but that they might reap instruction and benefit, by joining with him in those pious exercises, to which he had consecrated the remainder of his days.

4 From Valladolid, he continued his journey to Plazencia in Estremadura. He had passed through that city a great

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many years before ; and having been struck at that time with the delightful situation of the monastery of St. Justus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, not many miles distant from that place, he had then observed to some of his attendants, that this was a spot to which Dioclesian might have retired with pleasure. The impression had remained so strong on his mind that he pitched upon it as the place of his retreat.

5 It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain.

6 Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation ; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present station, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants, which he proposed to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions.

7 Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe; filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

8 In this retirement, Charles formed such a plan of life for himself, as would have suited the condition of a private person of a moderate fortune. His table was neat but plain; his domestics few; his intercourse with them familiar; all the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social ease and tranquillity, which he courted, in order to soothe the remainder of his days. As the mildness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at first, a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete satisfaction in this humble solitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him.

9 The ambitious thoughts and projects which had so long engrossed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned, with all the contempt and indifference arising from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares.

DR. ROBERTSON.

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

SHORT AND EASY SENTENCES.

Education.

TIS education forms the common mind':
'Just as the twig is bent', the tree's inclin'd'.

Candour.

With pleasure let us own our errors past',
And make each day a critic on the last'.

Reflection.

A soul without reflection', like a pile
Without inhabitants', to ruin runs'.

Secret Virtue.

The private path', the secret acts of men',
If noble', far the noblest of their lives'.

Necessary knowledge easily attained.

Our needful knowledge', like our needful food',
Unhedg'd', lies open in life's common field',
And bids all welcome to the vital feast'.

Disappointment.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize',
As bees in flow'rs', and stings us with success'.

Virtuous elevation.

The mind that would be happy', must be great;
Great in its wishes'; great in its surveys'.
Extended views a narrow mind extend'.

NOTE.—In the first chapter, the Compiler has exhibited a considerable variety of poetical construction, for the young reader's preparatory exercises.

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OBERTSON.

Natural and fanciful life.

Who lives to nature', rarely can be poor';
Who lives to fancy', never can be rich'.

Charity.

In faith' and hope' the world will disagree';
But all mankind's concern is charity'.

The prize of virtue.

'What nothing earthly gives', or can destroy',
The soul's calm sunshine', and the heart-felt joy',
Is virtue's prize'.

Sense and modesty connected.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks';
It still looks home', and short excursions makes'; }
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks'.

Moral discipline salutary.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene',
Resumes them to prepare us for the next'.
All evils natural are moral goods';
All discipline, indulgence', on the whole'.

Present blessings undervalued.

Like birds', whose beauties languish', half conceal'd',
Till', mounted on the wing', their glossy plumes
Expanded', shine with azure', green', and gold',
How blessings brighten as they take their flight'!

Hope.

Hope', of all passions', most befriends us here';
Passions of prouder name befriend us less'.
Joy has her tears', and transport has her death';
Hope', like a cordial', innocent', though strong',
Man's heart', at once', inspirits' and serenest'.

Happiness modest and tranquil.

——— Never man was truly blest',
But it compos'd and gave him such a cast',
As folly might mistake for want of joy':
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud';
A modest aspect', and a smile at heart'.

True greatness.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains',
Or failing', smiles in exile' or in chains',
Like good Aurelius', let him reign', or bleed
Like Socrates', that man is great indeed'.

The tear of sympathy.

No radiant pearl', which crested fortune wears',
No gem', that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears'.

GRAPHS.

d'.

a considerable
story exercises.

Nor the bright stars', which night's blue arch adorn',
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn',
 Shine with such lustre', as the tear that breaks',
 For others' woe', down Virtue's manly cheeks'.

SECTION II.

VERSES IN WHICH THE LINES ARE OF DIFFERENT LENGTH.

Bliss of celestial origin.

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought',
 Bliss in vain from earth is sought';
 Bliss', a native of the sky',
 Never wanders'. Mortals', try';
 There you cannot seek in vain';
 For to seek her', is to gain'.

The Passions.

The passions are a num'rous crowd',
 Imperious', positive', and loud'.
 Curb these licentious sons of strife';
 Hence chiefly rise the storms of life':
 If they grow mutinous', and rave',
 They are thy masters', thou their slave'.

Trust in Providence recommended.

'Tis Providence alone secures',
 In ev'ry change', both mine' and yours'.
 Safety consists not in escape
 From dangers of a frightful shape':
 An earthquake may be bid to spare
 The man that's strangled by a hair'.
 Fate steals along with silent tread',
 Found oft'nest in what least we dread';
 Frowns in the storm with angry brow',
 But in the sunshine', strikes the blow'.

Epitaph.

How lov'd', how valued once', avails thee not';
 To whom related', or by whom begot':
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee';
 'Tis all thou art', and all the proud shall be'.

Fame.

All fame is foreign', but of true desert';
 Plays round the head', but comes not to the heart',
 One self-approving hour', whole years outweighs
 A hundred stupid starers', and of loud huzzas';
 True joy Marcellus exil'd feels',
 With a sepate at his heels'.

Virtue the Guardian of Youth.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts',
 Gay as the morn'; bright glows the vernal sky',
 Hope swells his sails', and Passion steers his course'.
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore',
 Where Virtue takes her stand': but if too far
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark',
 Sudden the tempest scowls', the surges roar',
 Blot his fair day', and plunge him in the deep'.

Sunrise.

But yonder comes the pow'rful king of day',
 Rejoicing in the east'. The less'ning cloud',
 The kindling azure', and the mountain's brow',
 Illum'd with fluid gold', his near approach
 Betoken glad'. Lo', now', apparent all
 Aslant the dew-bright earth', and colour'd air',
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad',
 And sheds the shining day', that burnish'd plays
 On rocks', on hills', and tow'rs', and wand'ring streams',
 High gleaming from afar'.

Self-government.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway';
 And grow wiser' and better' as life wears away'.

Shepherd.

On a mountain', stretch'd beneath a hoary willow',
 Lay a shepherd swain', and view'd the rolling billow'.

SECTION III.

VERSES CONTAINING EXCLAMATIONS, INTERROGATIONS, AND PARENTHESES.

Competence.

A COMPETENCE is all we can enjoy':
 Oh'! be content', where Heav'n can give no more'!

Reflection essential to happiness.

Much joy not only speaks small happiness',
 But happiness that shortly must expire'.
 Can joy', unbottom'd in reflection', stand'?
 And', in a tempest', can reflection live'?

Friendship.

Can gold gain friendship'? Impudence of hope'!
 As well mere man an angel might beget'.
 Love', and love only', is the loan for love'.
 Lorenzo! pride repress'; nor hope to find
 A friend', but what has found a friend in thee'.
 All like the purchase'; few the price will pay'!
 And this makes friends such miracles below'!

Patience.

Beware of desp'rate steps'. The darkest day'
(Live till to-morrow') will have pass'd away'.

Luxury.

—————O luxury'!
Bane of elated life', of affluent states',
What dreary change', what ruin is not thine'!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind'!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave',
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great'!
Dreadful attraction'!

Virtuous activity.

Seize', mortals'! seize the transient hour';
Improve each moment as it flies':
Life's a short summer'—man a flow'r';
He dies'—Alas'!—how soon he dies'!

The source of happiness.

Reason's whole pleasure' all the joys of sense',
Lie in three words'; health', peace', and competence':
But health consists with temperance alone';
And peace', O virtue'! peace is all thy own'.

Placid emotion.

Who can forbear to smile with nature'? Can
The stormy passions in the bosom roll',
While ev'ry gale is peace', and ev'ry grove
Is melody'?

Solitude.*

O sacred solitude'; divine retreat'!
Choice of the prudent'! envy of the great'!
By thy pure stream', or in thy waving shade',
We court fair wisdom', that celestial maid':
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace',
(Strangers on earth',) are innocence' and peace'.
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore',
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar';
There', bless'd with health', with bus'ness unperplex'd'
This life we relish', and ensure the next'.

Presume not on to-morrow.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise',
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn'?
Where is to-morrow'? In another world'.
For numbers this is certain': the reverse
Is sure to none'.

* By solitude here is meant, a temporary seclusion from the world.

Dum vivimus vivamus. — While we live, let us live.

"Live', while you live'," the epicure would say',
 "And seize the pleasures of the present day'.
 "Live', while you live'," the sacred preacher cries',
 "And give to God each moment as it flies'.
 Lord! in my views', let both united be';
 I live in pleasure', when I live to thee'!

DODDRIDGE.

SECTION IV.

VERSES IN VARIOUS FORMS.

The security of Virtue.

LET coward guilt', with pallid fear',
 To shelt'ring caverns fly',
 And justly dread the vengeful fate',
 That thunders through the sky'.
 Protected by that hand', whose law',
 The threat'ning storms obey',
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure',
 As in the blaze of day'.

Resignation.

And oh'! by error's force subdued',
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good',
 And grasps the specious ill',
 Not to my wish', but to my want',
 Do thou thy gifts apply';
 Unask'd' what good thou knowest grant';
 What ill', though ask'd', deny'.

Compassion.

I have found out a gift for my fair';
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed',
 But let me that plunder forbear'!
 She will say', 'tis a barbarous deed'.
 For he ne'er can be true', she averr'd',
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young':
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth',
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown';
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth'
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own'.
 Large was his bounty', and his soul sincere';
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send':
 He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear';
 He gain'd from Heav'n' ('twas all he wish'd') a friend'.

No further seek his merits to disclose',
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode',
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose
 The bosom of his Father' and his God').

Joy and sorrow connected.

Still', where rosy pleasure leads',
 See a kindred grief pursue';
 Behind the steps that mis'ry treads',
 Approaching comforts view'.
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow',
 Chastis'd by sable tints of wo';
 And blended form', with artful strife',
 The strength' and harmony of life'.

The golden mean.

He that holds fast the golden mean',
 And lives contentedly between'
 The little and the great',
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor',
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door',
 Imbitt'ring all his state'.
 The tallest pines' feel most the pow'r
 Of wint'ry blast'; the loftiest tow'r',
 Comes heaviest to the ground'.
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side',
 His cloud-capt eminence divide';
 And spread the ruin round'.

Moderate views and aims recommended.

With passions unruffled', untainted with pride',
 By reason my life let me square';
 The wants of my nature' are cheaply supplied';
 And the rest are but folly and care'.
 How vainly', through infinite trouble and strife',
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life',
 Is what all', if they please', may enjoy'.

Attachment to life.

The tree of deepest root is found',
 Least willing still to quit the ground':
 'Twas therefore said' by ancient sages',
 That love of life increas'd with years',
 So much', that in our later stages',
 When pains grows sharp', and sickness rages'
 The greatest love of life appears'.

*Virtue's address to pleasure.**

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
 A youth of follies', an old age of cares';

*Sensual pleasure.

Young yet enervate', old yet never wise',
 Vice wastes their vigour', and their mind impairs'.
 Vain', idle', delicate', in thoughtless ease',
 Reserving woes for age', their prime they spend';
 All wretched', hopeless', in the evil days',
 With sorrow to the verge of life they tend'.
 Griev'd with the present', of the past asham'd',
 They live and are despis'd'; they die', no more are nam'd'.

SECTION V.

VERSES IN WHICH SOUND CORRESPONDS TO SIGNIFICATION.

Smooth and rough verse.

SOFT is the strain' when zephyr gently blows',
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows'
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore',
 The hoarse', rough verse', should like the torrent roar'.

Slow motion imitated.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw',
 The line too labours', and the words move slow'.

Swift and easy motion.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain',
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn', and skims along the main'.

Felling trees in a wood.

Loud sounds the axe', redoubling strokes' on strokes';
 On all sides round', the forest hurls her oaks
 Headlong'. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown';
 Then rustling', crackling', crashing', thunder down'.

Sound of a bow-string.

—The string let fly
 Twang'd short and sharp', like the shrill swallow's cry'.

The Pheasant.

See'! from the brake', the whirring pheasant springs'
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings'.

Scylla and Charybdis.

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms',
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms'.
 When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves',
 The rough rock roars', tumultuous boil the waves'.

Boisterous and gentle sounds.

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main',
 The roaring winds' tempestuous rage restrain
 Within', the waves in softer murmurs glide'
 And ships secure without their halsers ride'.

Laborious and impetuous motion.

With many a weary step', and many a groan',
Up the high hill' he heaves a huge round stone';
The huge round stone', resulting with a bound',
Thunders impetuous down', and smokes along the ground'.

Regular and slow movement.

First march the heavy mules securely slow',
O'er hills', o'er dales', o'er crags', o'er rocks they go'.

Motion slow and difficult.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song',
That', like a wounded snake', drags its slow length along'.

A rock torn from the brow of a mountain.

Still gath'ring force', it smokes', and urged amain',
Whirls', leaps', and thunders down', impetuous to the plain'.

Extent and violence of the waves.

The waves behind impel the waves before',
Wide-rolling', foaming high', and tumbling to the shore'.

Pensive numbers.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells',
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells'
And ever-musing melancholy reigns'.

Battle.

———Arms' on armour', clashing', bray'd
Horrible discord'; and the madding wheels
Of brazen fury', rag'd'.

Sound imitating reluctance.

For who', to dumb forgetfulness a prey',
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned';
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day',
Nor cast one longing', ling'ring look behind'.

SECTION VI.

PARAGRAPHS OF GREATER LENGTH.

Connubial affection.

THE love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention:
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults, compassionate, or blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession;

Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

Swarms of flying insects.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The quiv'ring nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so, luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life, in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on,
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Bene, since its own reward.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd!
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

Virtue the best treasure.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n: a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers; nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd. It is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied;)
This noble end is to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light,
And make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence.

Contemplation.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious night,
 And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sick'ning thought! And yet deluded man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Pleasure of piety.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires:
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
 O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
 Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory, on the consecrated hour
 Of man in audience with the Deity.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The bears and the bees.

AS two young bears', in wanton mood',
 Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood',
 Came where th' industrious bees had stor'd',
 In artful cells, their luscious hoard';
 O'erjoy'd they seiz'd', with eager haste',
 Luxurious on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this', the little crew',
 About their ears', vindictive flew'.
 2 The beasts', unable to sustain
 Th' unequal combat', quit the plain':
 Half-blind with rage', and mad with pain'
 Their native shelter they regain';

There sit', and now', discreeter grown',
 Too late their rashness they bemoan';
 And this by dear experience gain',
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain'.

- 3 So when the gilded baits of vice',
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes',
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill',
 And swallow down the latent ill':
 But when experience opes our eyes',
 Away the fancied pleasure flies'.
 It flies', but oh'! too late we find',
 It leaves a real sting behind'.—MERRICK.

SECTION II.

The nightingale and the glow-worm.

A NIGHTINGALE', that all day long
 Had cheer'd the village with his song',
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended',
 Nor yet when eventide was ended',
 Began to feel', as well he might',
 The keen demands of appetite';
 When', looking eagerly around',
 He spied far off', upon the ground',
 A something shining in the dark',
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark'.
 So', stooping down from hawthorn top',
 He thought to put him in his crop'.

- 2 The worm', aware of his intent',
 Harangued him thus', right eloquent'—
 "Did you admire my lamp'," quoth he',
 "As much as I your minstrelsy',
 You would abhor to do me wrong',
 As much as I to spoil your song';
 For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine',
 Taught you to sing', and me to shine';
 That you with music', I with light',
 Might beautify' and cheer the night'."
- 3 The songster heard his short oration',
 And', warbling out his approbation',
 Releas'd him', as my story tells',
 And found a supper somewhere else'.
 Hence', jarring sectaries may learn',
 Their real int'rest to discern';
 That brother' should not war with brother—
 And worry' and devour each other'.

But sing and shine by sweet consent',
 'Till life's poor', transient night', is spent';
 Respecting', in each other's case',
 The gifts of nature' and of grace'.

- 4 Those Christians best deserve the name',
 Who studiously make peace their aim':
 Peace', both the duty' and the prize'
 Of him that creeps', and him that flies'.—COWPER.

SECTION III.

The trials of virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth', my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd':
 I view'd its ills of various kind',
 Afflicted and afraid'.

- 2 But chief my fear the dangers mov'd
 That virtue's path enclose':
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd';
 But O', what toils oppose'!
- 3 For see', ah see'! while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread',
 A hostile world its terrors raise',
 Its snares delusive spread'.
- 4 O how shall I', with heart prepar'd',
 Those terrors learn to meet'?
 How', from the thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet'?
- 5 As thus I mus'd', oppressive sleep',
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil'.—The wat'ry deep',
 (An object strange' and new'.)
- 6 Before me rose': on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood',
 The gathering storms around me roar',
 And heave the boiling flood'.
- 7 Near and more near the billows rise';
 Ev'n now my steps they lave',
 And death' to my affrighted eyes'
 Approach'd in every wave'.
- 8 What hope', or whither to retreat'!
 Each nerve at once unstrung';
 Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet',
 And chain'd my speechless tongue'.

- 9 I felt my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice', descending from on high',
Reprov'd my erring fear'.
- 10 "What tho' the swelling surge thou see
Impatient to devour';
Rest', mortal', rest on God's decree',
And thankful own his pow'r'.
- 11 "Know', when he bade the deep appear',
'Thus far', th' Almighty said',
'Thus far', no farther', rage'; and here
'Let thy proud waves be stay'd': "
- 12 I heard'; and lo'! at once controll'd',
The waves', in wild retreat',
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd',
And', murm'ring', left my feet'.
- 13 Deeps', to assembling deeps', in vain
Once more the signal gave':
The shores the rushing weight sustain',
And check th' usurping wave'.
- 14 Convinced', in nature's volume wise',
The imag'd truth I read';
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled'.
- 15 Then why thus heavy', O my soul!
Say', why distrustful still',
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill'?
- 16 Let faith suppress each rising fear',
Each anxious doubt exclude':
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here',
A Maker wise' and good'!
- 17 He to thy ev'ry trial knows',
Its just restraint to give';
Attentive to behold thy woes',
And faithful to relieve'.
- 18 Then why thus heavy', O my soul!
Say', why distrustful still',
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll',
O'er scenes of future ill'?
- 19 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round'
Still in thy God confide',
Whose finger marks the seas their bound
And curbs the headlong tide'.--MERRICK.

SECTION IV.

The youth and the Philosopher.

- A GRECIAN youth of talents rare',
Whom Plato's philosophic care',
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view',
By precept and example too',
Would often boast his matchless skill',
To curb the steed', and guide the wheel';
And as he pass'd the gazing throng'
With graceful ease', and smack'd the thong',
The idiot wonder they express'd',
Was praise and transport to his breast',
- 2 At length', quite vain', he needs would show,
His master what his art could do';
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade'.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright';
The wood-nymph started at the sight';
The muses drop the learned lyre',
And to their inmost shades retire'.
- 3 Howe'er the youth', with forward air',
Bows to the sage', and mounts the car'.
The lash resounds', the coursers spring',
The chariot marks the rolling ring';
And gathering crowds with eager eyes',
And shouts', pursue him as he flies'.
- 4 Triumphant to the goal return'd',
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd';
And now along th' indented plain',
The self-same track he marks again';
Pursues with care the nice design',
Nor ever deviates from the line'.
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd';
The youths with emulation glow'd';
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy',
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy'.
- 5 "For he', deep-judging sage', beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field':
And when the charioteer drew nigh',
And, flushed with hope', had caught his eye'
"Alas'! unhappy youth'," he cry'd',
"Expect no praise from me'," (and sigh'd',)
- 6 "With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment' thrown away':

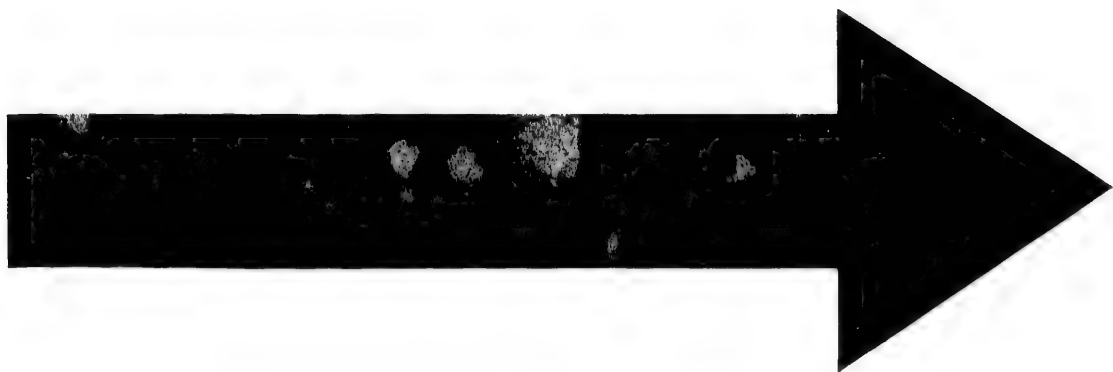
The time profusely squander'd there',
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care',
 If well employ'd', at less expense',
 Had taught thee honour', virtue', sense';
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
 To govern men', and guide the state'."

WHITEHEAD.

SECTION V.

Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to rest.

- NOW came still ev'ning on', and twilight gray
 Had in her sober liv'ry' all things clad'.
 Silence accompanied'; for beast' and bird',
 They to their grassy couch', these to their nests',
 Were sunk'; all but the wakeful nightingale'.
 She', all night long', her am'rous descant sung':
 Silence was pleas'd'. Now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires': Hesperus', that led
 The starry host', rode brightest', till the moon',
 Rising in clouded majesty', at length',
 Apparent queen', unveil'd her peerless light',
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw'.
- 2 When Adam thus to Eve': "Fair consort', th' hour
 Of night', and all things now retir'd to rest',
 Mind us of like repose'; since God hath set
 Labour' and rest', as day' and night', to men
 Successive', and the timely dew of sleep',
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight', inclines
 Our eye-lids'. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd', and less need rest':
 Man hath his daily work of body', or of mind'
 Appointed', which declares his dignity',
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways';
 While other animals unactive range',
 And of their doings God takes no account'.
- 3 To-morrow', ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light', we must be risen',
 And at our pleasant labour'; to reform
 Yon flow'ry arbours', yonder alleys green',
 Our walk at noon', with branches overgrown',
 That mock our scant manuring', and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also', and those drooping gums',
 That lie bestrewn', unsightly and unsmooth',
 Ask riddance', if we mean to tread with ease
 Mean while', as nature wills', night bids us rest'.



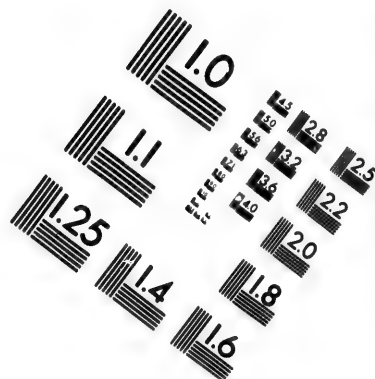
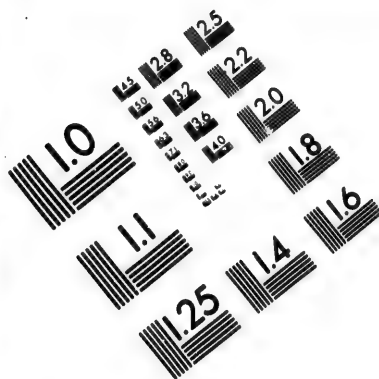
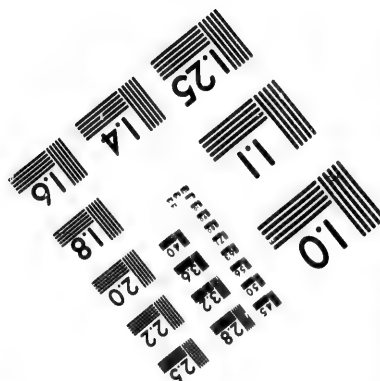
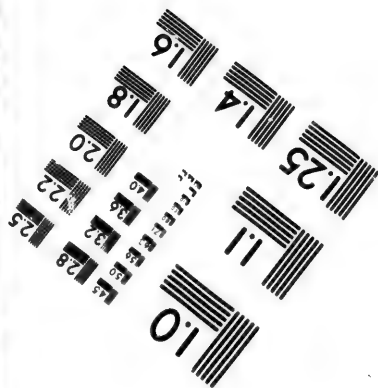
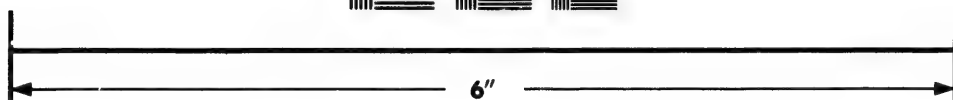
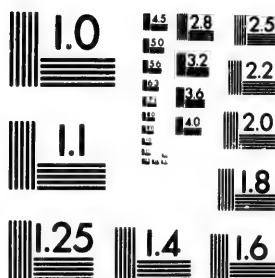


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- 4 To whom thus Eve', with perfect beauty adorn'd':
" My author' and disposer', what thou bidst',
Unargu'd', I obey'; so God ordains'.
With thee conversing', I forget all time';
All seasons' and their change', all please alike'.
Sweet is the breath of morn', her rising sweet',
With charm of earliest birds'; pleasant the sun',
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams' on herb', tree', fruit', and flow'r',
Glist'ring with dew'; fragrant the fertile earth',
After soft show'rs'; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild'; then silent night',
With this her solemn bird', and this fair moon',
And these', the gems of heav'n', her starry train':
- 5 But neither breath of morn', when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds'; nor rising sun
On this delightful land'; nor herb', fruit', flow'r',
Glist'ring with dew'; nor fragrance after show'rs';
Nor grateful evening mild'; nor silent night',
With this her solemn bird'; nor walk by moon',
Or glitt'ring star-light',—without thee is sweet'.
But wherefore all night long shine these'? for whom
This glorious sight', when sleep hath shut all eyes'?"
- 6 To whom our gen'ral ancestor reply'd':
" Daughter of God and man', accomplish'd Eve',
These have their course to finish round the earth',
By morrow ev'ning'; and from land to land'.
In order', though to nations yet unborn',
Minist'ring light prepar'd', they set and rise';
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession', and extinguish life
In nature and all things'; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten', but', with kindly heat
Of various influence', foment', and warm',
Temper', or nourish'; or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth', made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray'.
- 7 These then', though unbeheld in deep of night',
Shine not in vain'; nor think', though men were none',
That heav'n would want spectators', God want praise';
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen', both when we wake', and when we sleep'.
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold',
Both day' and night'. How often', from the steep
Of echoing hill' or thicket', have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air',
Sole', or responsive each to others' note',
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands',
While they keep watch', or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds',
In full harmonic number join'd', their songs
Divide the night', and lift our thoughts to heav'n'."

- 8 Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r'.

There arriv'd', both stood',
Both turn'd'; and under open sky', ador'd
The God that made the sky', air', earth', and heav'n',
Which they beheld', the moon's resplendent globe',
And starry pole'. "Thou also mad'st the night'
Maker Omnipotent', and thou the day',
Which we', in our appointed work employ'd',
Have finish'd', happy in our mutual help',
And mutual love', the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee'; and this delicious place',
For us too large', where thy abundance wants
Partakers', and uncropt falls to the ground',
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race'
To fill the earth', who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite', both when we wake
And when we seek', as now', thy gift of sleep'."

MILTON.

SECTION VI.

Religion and Death.

L O'! a form', divinely bright',
Descends', and bursts upon my sight';
A seraph of illustrious birth';
(Religion was her name on earth';)
Supremely sweet her radiant face',
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train'.
Wav'd their light wings', and reach'd the plain'.
Faith', with sublime and piercing eye',
And pinions flutt'ring for the sky';
Here Hope', that smiling angel stands',
And golden anchors grace her hands';
There Charity', in robes of white',
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light'.

- 2 The seraph spoke'—" 'Tis Reason's part
To govern and to guard the heart';
To lull the wayward soul to rest',
When hopes' and fears', distract the breast'.

Reason may calm *this* doubtful strife',
 And steer thy bark through various life':
 But when the storms of death are nigh',
 And midnight darkness veils the sky',
 Shall Reason *then* direct thy sail',
 Disperse the clouds', or sink the gale'?
 Stranger', *this* skill alone is *mine*',
 Skill that transcends *his* scanty line'.

- 3 "Revere thyself'—thou'rt near allied
 To angels on thy better side'.
 How various e'er their ranks' or kinds',
 Angels are but unbodied minds':
 When the partition-walls decay',
 Men emerge angels from their clay'.
 Yes', when the frailer body dies',
 The soul asserts her kindred skies'.
 But minds', though sprung from heav'nly race',
 Must first be tutor'd for the place':
 The joys above are understood',
 And relish'd only by the good'.
 Who shall assume this guardian care':
 Who shall secure their birth-right there'?
 Souls are *my* charge'—to me 'tis giv'n
 To train them for their native heav'n'."
- 4 "Know then'—who bow the early knee',
 And give the willing heart to me';
 Who wisely', when Temptation waits',
 Elude her frauds', and spurn her baits';
 Who dare to own my injur'd cause',
 Though fools deride my sacred laws';
 Or scorn to deviate to the wrong',
 Though persecution lifts her thong';
 Though all the sons of hell conspire
 To raise the stake' and light the fire';
 Know', that for *such* superior souls',
 There lies a bliss beyond the poles':
 Where spirits shine with purer ray',
 And brighten to meridian day';
 Where love', where boundless friendship rules';
 (No friends that change', no love that cools';)
 Where rising floods of knowledge roll',
 And pour', and pour' upon the soul'!"
- 5 But where's the passage to the skies'?—
 The road through death's black valley lies'.
 Nay', do not shudder at my tale';
 Tho' dark the shades', yet safe the vale'.

- This path the *best* of men have trod';
 And who'd decline the road to God'?
 Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
 This favour can't be priz'd too high'."
- 6 While thus she spoke', my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast';
 My soul a fix'd attention gave';
 When the stern monarch of the grave',
 With haughty strides approach'd':—amaz'd
 I stood', and trembled as I gaz'd'.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear',
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear';
 Then hasten'd', with expanded wing',
 To meet the pale', terrific king'.
- 7 But *now* what milder scenes arise!'
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise';
 He seems a youth divinely fair';
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair';
 His wings their whit'ning plumes display',
 His burnish'd plumes' reflect the day';
 Light flows his shining azure vest'.
 And all the angel stands confess'd'.
 I view'd the chang', with sweet surprise';
 And, Oh! I panted for the skies':
 Thank'd heav'n', that e'er I drew my breath',
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of death'.—COTTON.

CHAPTER III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I

The vanity of wealth.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap',
 With av'rice painful vigils keep';
 Still unenjoy'd the present store',
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more'.
 Oh! quit the shadow', catch the prize',
 Which not all *India's* treasure buys!'
 To purchase heav'n has gold the pow'r'?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour'?
 In life', can love be bought with gold'?
 Are *friendship's* pleasures to be sold'?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought',
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd', unbought'.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind';
 Let nobler views engage thy mind'.—DR. JOHNSON,

SECTION II.

Nothing formed in vain.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom', as if aught was form'd
 In vain', or not for admirable ends'.
 Shall little', haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise', of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind'?
 As if', upon a full-proportion'd dome',
 On swelling columns heav'd the pride of art',
 A critic-fly', whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around', with blind presumption bold',
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole'.

- 2 And lives the man', whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things',
 Mark'd their dependence so', and firm accord',
 As with unfalt'ring accent to conclude',
 That this availeth nought'? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings', less'ning down
 From infinite perfection', to the brink
 Of dreary nothing', desolate abyss'!
 From which astonish'd thought', recoiling', turns'?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend',
 And hymns of holy wonder to that POWER',
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds',
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun'.—THOMSON.

SECTION III.

On pride.

OF all the causes', which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment', and misguide the mind',
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules',
 Is pride'; the never-failing vice of fools'.
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd',
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride'!
 For', as in bodies', thus in souls', we find
 What wants in blood' and spirits', swell'd with wind'.
 Pride', where wit fails', steps in to our defence',
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense'.

- 2 If once right reason drives that cloud away',
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day'.
 Trust not yourself'; but', your defects to know',
 Make use of ev'ry friend'—and ev'ry foe'.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing';
 Drink deep', or taste not the Pierian spring'.

There *shallow* draughts intoxicate the brain',
And drinking *largely* sobers us again'.

- 3 Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts',
In fearless youth', we tempt the heights of arts':
While', from the bounded level of our mind',
Short views we take', nor see the lengths behind':
But more advanc'd', behold', with strange surprise',
New distant scenes of endless science rise'!
So', pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try';
Mount o'er the valos', and seem to tread the sky'.
Th' eternal snows appear already past',
And the first clouds' and mountains' seem the last';
But', those attain'd', we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way';
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes';
Hills' peep o'er hills', and Alps' on Alps' arise'.—POPE.

SECTION IV.

Cruelty to brutes censured.

I WOULD not enter on *my* list of friends',
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense',
Yet wanting sensibility') the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm'.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail',
That crawls at evening in the public path';
But he that has humanity', forewarn'd',
Will tread aside', and let the reptile live'.

- 2 The creeping vermin', loathsome to the sight',
And charg'd perhaps with venom', that intrudes
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness' and repose', th' alcove',
The chamber', or refectory', may die'.
A *necessary* act incurs no blame'.
Not so', when held within their proper bounds',
And guiltless of offence, they range the air',
Or take their pastime in the spacious field'.
There they are privileg'd'. And he that hunts'
Or harms them there', is guilty of a wrong';
Disturbs th' economy of nature's realm',
Who', when she form'd', design'd them an abode'.
3 The sum is this': if man's convenience', health',
Or safety' interfere', his rights and claims'
Are paramount', and must extinguish theirs'.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are',
As free to live' and to enjoy that life',

- As God was free to form them at the first',
Who', in his sovereign wisdom', made them all'.
- 4 Ye', therefore', who love mercy', teach your *sons*
To love it too'. The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd', in most',
By budding ills', that ask a prudent hand
To check them'. But', alas! none sooner shoots',
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth',
Than cruelty', most dev'lish of them all'.
- 5 Mercy to him that shows it', is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act',
By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man';
And he that shows none', being ripe in years',
And conscious of the outrage he commits',
Shall seek it', and not find it in his turn'.—COWPER.

SECTION V.

*A paraphrase on the latter part of the 6th chapter of St.
Matthew.*

- W**HEN my breast labours with oppressive care',
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear';
While all my warring passions are at strife',
Oh! let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart',
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart'.
- 2 "Think not', when all your scanty stores afford',
Is spread at once upon the sparing board';
Think not', when worn the homely robe appears',
While on the roof the howling tempest bears';
What farther shall this feeble life sustain',
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again'.
- 3 Say', does not life its nourishment exceed'?
And the fair body', its investing weed'?
Behold! and look away your low despair'—
See the light tenants of the barren air':
To them', nor stores', nor granaries', belong';
Nought', but the woodland', and the pleasing song';
Yet', your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky'.
- 4 To him they sing when spring renews the plain';
To him they cry', in winter's pinching reign';
Nor is their music', nor their plaint in vain':
He hears the gay', and the distressful call';
And with unsparing bounty', fills them all'."
- 5 "Observe the rising *lily's* snowy grace';
Observe the various *vegetable* race':

They neither toil', nor spin', but careless grow';
 Yet see how warm they blush'! how bright they glow'!
 What regal vestments can with them compare'!
 What king so shining'! or what queen so fair'!"

- 6 "If ceaseless', thus', the fowls of heav'n he feeds';
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads';
 Will he not care for you', ye faithless', say'?
 Is he unwise'? or', are ye less than they'?"—THOMSON,

SECTION VI.

The death of a good man a strong incentive to virtue.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate'
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life', quite in the verge of heav'n'.
 Fly', ye profane'! if not', draw near with awe',
 Receive the blessing', and adore the chance',
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease':
 If unrestor'd by this', despair your cure'.

- 2 For', here', resistless demonstration dwells';
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart'.
 Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask',
 Thro' life's grimace', that mistress of the scene'
 Here real', and apparent', are the same'.
 You see the man'; you see his hold on heav'n',
 If sound his virtue', as Philander's sound'.
 3 Heav'n waits not the last moment'; owns her friends
 On this side death', and points them out to men';
 A lecture', silent', but of sov'reign pow'r';
 To vice', confusion': and to virtue', peace'.
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays',
 Virtue alone has majesty in death';
 And greater still', the more the tyrant frowns'.—YOUNG.

SECTION VII.

Reflections on a future state, from a review of winter.

'TIS done'! dread winter spreads his latest glooms',
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year'.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain'. Behold', fond man'!
 See here thy pictur'd life': pass some few years',
 Thy flow'ring spring', thy summer's ardent strength',
 Thy sober autumn fading into age',
 And pale concluding winter comes at last',
 And shuts the scene'.

- 2 Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
- 3 All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heav'n and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
- 4 Ye vainly wise! Ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom, oft arraign'd! see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss.
- 5 Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.—THOMSON.

SECTION VIII.

Adam's advice to Eve, to avoid temptation.

“O WOMAN, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,

Secure from outward force. Within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
Against his will he can receive no harm.

- 2 But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right;
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
That I should mind thee oft: and mind thou me.
- 3 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibility may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.
- 4 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more:
Go in thy native innocence; rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine.

MILTON.

SECTION IX.

On procrastination.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead.
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time.
Year after year it steals, till all are fled;
And, to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

- 2 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm. "That all men are about to live:"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think,
They one day, shall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds.

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

- 3 All promise is poor dilatory man;
 And that thro' ev'ry stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay;
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.
- 4 And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where, passed the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

SECTION X.

That philosophy, which stops at secondary causes, reproved.

- H**APPY the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that checker life!
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
 The least of our concerns; (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate;) could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
 Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm him and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
- 2 This truth, philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
 In nature's tendencies, oft o'erlooks;

And having found his instrument, forgets
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
 Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men
 That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n
 In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
 And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
 And putrify the breath of blooming health;

3 He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips,
 And taints the golden ear; he springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast:
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneous and discordant springs
 And principles; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects,
 Of action and re-action.

4 He has found
 The source of the disease that nature feels;
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear
 Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
 Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
 And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means,
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

COWPER.

SECTION XI.

*Indignant sentiments on national prejudices and hatred; and
 on slavery.*

O H, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
 It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

- 2 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
- 3 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As humane nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
- 4 Then what is man! And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
- 5 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price;
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, that fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
- 6 Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too. COWPER.

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The morning in summer.

THE meek-ey'd morn appears', mother of dews',
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east';
Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow';
And from before the lustre of her face

- White break the clouds away'. With quicken'd step',
Brown night retires': young day pours in apace',
And opens all the lawny prospect wide'.
- 2 The dripping rock', the mountain's misty top',
Swell on the sight', and brighten with the dawn'.
Blue', thro' the dusk', the smoking currents shine';
And from the bladed field', the fearful hare
Limps', awkward': while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip', and often turning, gaze
At early passenger'. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy',
And thick around the woodland hymns arise'.
- 3 Rous'd by the cock', the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage', where with peace he dwells',
And from the crowded fold', in order', drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn'.
Falsely luxurious', will not man awake',
And', springing from the bed of sloth', enjoy
The cool' the fragrant', and the silent hour',
To meditation due and sacred song'?
- 4 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise'?
To lie in dead oblivion', losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life';
Total extinction of th' enliven'd soul'!
Or else to feverish vanity alive',
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams'?
Who would', in such a gloomy state' remain
Longer than nature craves'; when ev'ry muse'
And every blooming pleasure', waits without',
To bless the wildly devious', morning walk'?—THOMSON.

SECTION II.

Rural sounds, as well as rural sights, delightful.

- NOR rural sights alone', but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit', and restore
The tone of languid nature'. Mighty winds',
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood',
Of ancient growth', make music', not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore',
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind';
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast',
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once'.
- 2 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods'; or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain'; or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock', and', chiming as they fall

- Upon loose pebbles', lose themselves at length
 In matted grass', that', with a livelier green',
 Betrays the secret of their silent course'.
 Nature *inanimate* employs sweet sounds';
 But *animated* nature sweeter still';
 To soothe and satisfy the human ear'.
- 3 Ten thousand warblers cheer the day', and one
 The live-long night'. Nor these alone', whose notes
 Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain',
 But cawing rooks', and kites' that swim sublime',
 In still repeated circles', screaming loud';
 The jay', the pye', and ev'n the boding owl',
 That hails the rising moon', have charms for me'.
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves', and harsh',
 Yet heard in scenes where *peace* for ever reigns',
 And only there', please highly for their sake'.—COWPER.

SECTION III.

The rose.

- THE rose had been wash'd', just wash'd in a shower',
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd';
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower',
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head'.
- 2 The cup was all fill'd', and the leaves were all wet',
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view',
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret',
 On the flourishing bush where it grew'.
- 3 I hastily seiz'd it', unfit as it was
 For a nosegay', so dripping and drown'd';
 And swinging it rudely', too rudely', alas'!
 I snapp'd it— it fell to the ground'.
- 4 And such', I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part',
 Some act by the delicate mind';
 Regardless of wringing' and breaking a heart',
 Already to sorrow resign'd'.
- 5 This elegant rose', had I shaken it less',
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile':
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address',
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile'.—COWPER.

SECTION IV.

Care of birds for their young.

- AS thus the patient dam assiduous sits',
 Not to be tempted from her tender task',

Or by sharp hunger', or by smooth delight';
 Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows',
 Her sympathizing partner takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank', and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away'; or else supplies
 Her place a moment', while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal'.

2 Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd', the callow young',
 Warm'd' and expanded into perfect life',
 Their brittle bondage break', and come to light';
 A helpless family', demanding food
 With constant clamour'. O what passions then',
 What melting sentiments of kindly care',
 On the new parents seize'!

3 Away they fly,
 Affectionate', and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young';
 Which equally distributed', again
 The search begins'. Even so a gentle pair',
 By fortune sunk', but form'd of gen'rous mould',
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast',
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods',
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n',
 Oft', as they weeping eye their infant train',
 Check their own appetites', and give them all'.

THOMPSON.

SECTION V.

*Liberty and slavery contrasted. Part of a letter written from
 Italy, by Addison.*

HOW has kind Heav'n adorn'd this happy land',
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand'
 But what avail her unexhausted stores',
 Her blooming mountains', and her sunny shores',
 With all the gifts that heav'n' and earth' impart',
 The smiles of nature', and the charms of art',
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns',
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains'?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The redd'ning orange', and the swelling grain';
 Joyless he sees the growing oils' and wines',
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade', repines'.
 Oh', Liberty', thou pow'r supremely bright'
 Profuse of bliss', and pregnant with delight';
 Perpetual pleasures in thy presence reign',
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train'.

Eas'd of her load', subjection grows more light',
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight'.
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay';
 Giv'st beauty to the sun', and pleasure to the day'.
 On foreign mountains', may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice', and mellow it to wine':
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil',
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil':
 We envy not the warmer clime that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies';
 Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine',
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine':
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle',
 And makes her barren rocks', and her bleak mountains smile'.

SECTION VI.

Charity. A paraphrase on the 13th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue',
 Than ever man pronounc'd' or angel sung';
 Had I all knowledge', human' and divine',
 That thought can reach', or science can define';
 And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth',
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth';
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire',
 To weary tortures', and rejoice in fire';
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw',
 When Moses gave them miracles', and law':
 Yet, gracious charity', indulgent guest',
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast';
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r';
 That scorn of life' would be but wild despair':
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice';
 My faith were form'; my eloquence were noise'.

- 2 Charity', decent', modest', easy', kind'.
 Softens the high', and rears the abject mind';
 Knows with just reins', and gentle hand', to guide
 Between vile shame', and arbitrary pride'.
 Not soon provok'd', she easily forgives';
 And much she suffers', as she much believes'.
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives';
 She builds our quiet', as she forms our lives';
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even';
 And opens in each heart a little heav'n'.
- 3 Each other gift', which God on man bestows',
 Its proper bounds', and due restriction knows;

To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r',
 And finishing its act' exists no more'.
 Thus', in obedience to what Heav'n decrees',
 Knowledge shall fail', and prophecy shall cease';
 But lasting charity's more ample sway',
 Nor bound by time', nor subject to decay',
 In happy triumph shall for ever live';
 And endless good diffuse', and endless praise receive'.

- 4 As through the artist's intervening glass',
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass';
 A little we discover'; but allow',
 That more remains unseen', than art can show';
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve',
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above'.)
 High as we may', we lift our reason up',
 By faith directed', and confirm'd by hope';
 Yet are we able only to survey',
 Dawnings of beams', and promises of day';
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight';
 Too great its swiftness', and too strong its light'.
- 5 But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd';
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld',
 In all his robes', with all his glory on',
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne'.
 Then constant faith', and holy hope', shall die';
 One lost in certainty', and one in joy':
 Whilst thou', more happy pow'r', fair charity',
 Triumphant sister', greatest of the three',
 Thy office', and thy nature' still the same',
 Lasting thy lamp', and unconsum'd thy flame',
 Shalt still survive'—
 Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess'
 For ever blessing', and for ever blest.—PRIOR.

SECTION VII.

Picture of a good man.

SOME angel guide my pencil', while I draw',
 What nothing else than angel can exceed',
 A man on earth', devoted to the skies';
 Like ships at sea', while in', above the world'
 With aspect mild', and elevated eye',
 Behold him seated on a mount serene',
 Above the fogs of sense', and passion's storm':
 All the black cares', and tumults of this life',
 Like harmless thunders' breaking at his feet',
 Excite his pity', not impair his peace'.

- 2 Earth's genuine sons', the sceptred', and the slave'
A mingled mou'! a wand'ring herd'! he sees',
Bewilder'd in the vale'; in all unlike'
His full reverse in all'! What higher praise'?
What stronger demonstration of the right'?
The *present* all *their* care'; the *future* *his*'.
When public welfare calls', or private want',
They give to *fame*'; *his* bounty he *conceals*'.
Their virtues *varnish* nature'; *his* *exalt*'.
Mankind's esteem *they* court'; and *he* his *own*'.
- 3 *Theirs* the wild chase of *false* felicities';
His', the compos'd possession of the *true*'.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece',
All of one colour', and an even thread';
While party-color'd shades of happiness',
With hideous gaps between', patch up for them
A madman's robe'; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by', and shows their nakedness'.
- 4 *He* sees with other eyes than *theirs*' : where they
Behold a sun', he spies a Deity';
What makes them only smile', makes him adore'.
Where they see mountains', he but atoms sees';
An empire in his balance', weighs a grain'.
They things terrestrial worship as divine':
His hopes immortal blow them by', as dust',
That dims his sight and shortens his survey',
Which longs', in infinite', to lose all bound'.
- 5 Titles' and honours', (if they prove his fate'),
He lays aside to find his dignity';
No dignity they find in aught besides'.
They triumph in externals', (which conceal
Man's real glory',) proud of an eclipse':
Himself too much he prizes to be proud';
And nothing thinks so great in man', as man'.
Too dear he holds his int'rest', to neglect
Another's welfare', or his right invade';
Their int'rest', like a lion', lives on prey'.
- 6 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong';
Wrong he sustains with temper', looks on heav'n',
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe':
Nought', but what wounds his virtue', wounds his peace'.
A cover'd heart their character defends';
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise'.
- 7 With nakedness his innocence agrees'!
While their broad foliage testifies their fall'!

Their no joys end', where his full feast begins';
 His joys create', theirs murder', future bliss'.
 To triumph in existence', his alone';
 And his alone triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun'.
 His glorious course was', yesterday', complete':
 Death', then', was welcome'; yet life *still* is sweet'.—YOUNG.

SECTION VIII.

The pleasures of retirement.

O KNEW he but his happiness', of men
 The happiest he'! who', far from public rage',
 Deep in the vale', with a choice few retir'd',
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life'.

- 2 What tho' the dome be wanting', whose proud gate'
 Each morning' vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false', and in their turn abus'd'?
 Vile intercourse! What though the glitt'ring robe',
 Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give',
 Or floated loose', or stiff with mazy gold',
 The pride' and gaze of fools', oppress him not'?
 What tho', from utmost land' and sea' purvey'd'
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not', and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death'? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice'; nor sunk in beds',
 Oft of gay care', he tosses out the night',
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state'?
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys',
 That still amuse the wanton', still deceive';
 A face of pleasure', but a heart of pain',
 Their hollow moments undelighted all'?
 Sure peace is his'; a solid life estrang'd
 To disappointment', and fallacious hope'.
- 3 Rich in content', in nature's bounty rich',
 In herbs' and fruits'; whatever greens the spring',
 When heaven descends in showers'; or bends the bough
 When summer reddens', and when autumn beams':
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap':
 These are not wanting'; nor the milky drove',
 Luxuriant', spread o'er all the lowing vale';
 Nor bleating mountains', nor the chide of streams',
 And hum of bees', inviting sleep sincere

- Into the guiltless breast', beneath the shade',
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay';
 Nor aught besides of prospect', grove', or song',
 Dim grottos', gleaming lakes', and fountains clear'.
 4 Here too dwells simple truth'; plain innocence';
 Unsullied beauty'; sound unbroken youth',
 Patient of labour', with a little pleas'd';
 Health ever blooming'; unambitious toil';
 Calm contemplation', and poetic ease'.—THOMSON.

SECTION IX.

*The pleasure and benefit of an improved and well-directed
 imagination.*

- O H'! blest of Heaven', who not the languid songs
 Of luxury', the siren', not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth', nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant Honour', can seduce to leave
 Those ever blooming sweets', which', from the store
 Of nature', fair imagination culls',
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height
 Of envied life'; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures', or imperial state';
 Yet nature's care', to all her children just',
 With richer treasures' and all ampler state',
 Endows at large whenever happy man
 Will deign to use them'.

- 2 His the city's pomp',
 The rural honours his'. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome', the column', and the arch',
 The breathing marble' and the sculptur'd gold',
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim',
 His tuneful breast enjoys'. For him', the spring
 Distils her dews', and from the siken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds': for him', the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold', and blushes like the morn'.
 Each passing hour sheds tributes from her wings':
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk',
 And loves unfelt attract him'.

- 3 Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow'; not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence'; not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends'; but whence his bosom can partake

- Fresh pleasure', unprov'd'. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only'; for th' attentive mind',
 By this harmonious action on her powers',
 Becomes herself harmonious': wont so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order', soon she seeks at home',
 To find a kindred order'; to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love',
 This fair inspir'd delight': her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length', and ev'ry passion wears
 A chaster', milder', more attractive mien'.
 4 But if to ampler prospects', if to gaze
 On nature's form', where', negligent of all
 These lesser graces', she assumes the port
 Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations', if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye'; then mightier far
 Will be the change', and nobler'. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs'?
 Would sordid policies', the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine', bow her down
 To tame pursuits', to indolence and fear'?
 5 Lo! she appeals to nature', to the winds'
 And rolling waves', the sun's unwearied course',
 The elements' and seasons': all declare
 For what th' eternal MAKER has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man': we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine': he tells the heart',
 He meant', he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves', the general orb
 Of life', and being'; to be great like Him',
 Beneficent' and active'. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works instruct', with God himself
 Hold converse'; grow familiar', day by day',
 With his conceptions'; act upon his plan';
 And form to his', the relish of their souls'.

AKENSIDE.

CHAPTER V.

PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

The hermit.

AT the close of the day', when the hamlet is still',
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove',
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill',
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:

'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar',
While his harp rung symphonious', a hermit began
No more with himself' or with nature at war',
He thought as a sage', tho' he felt as a man'.

- 2 "Ah'! why', all abandon'd to darkness' and wo';
Why', lone Philomela', that languishing fall'
For spring shall return', and a lover bestow',
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral'.
But', if pity inspire thee', renew the sad lay';
Mourn', sweetest complainer', man calls thee to mourn'.
O sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass away':
Full quickly they pass'—but they never return'.
- 3 "Now gliding remote', on the verge of the sky',
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays':
But lately I mark'd', when majestic on high
She shone', and the planets were lost in her blaze'.
Roll on', thou fair orb', and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again':
But man's faded glory what change shall renew'
Ah fool'! to exult in a glory so vain'!
- 4 "'Tis night', and the landscape is lovely no more':
I mourn', but', ye woodlands', I mourn not for you';
For morn is approaching', your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance', and glitt'ring with dew'.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn';
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save':
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn'
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave'!
- 5 "'Twas thus by the glare of false science betray'd',
That leads', to bewilder', and dazzles', to blind';
My thoughts wont to roam', from shade onward to shade'
Destruction before me', and sorrow behind'.
O pity', great Father of light', then I cried',
Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee'
Lo', humbled in dust', I relinquish my pride':
From doubt' and from darkness' thou only canst free'.
- 6 "And darkness' and doubt', are now flying away';
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn':
So breaks on the traveller', faint and astray',
The bright' and the balmy' effulgence of morn'.
See truth', love', and mercy', in triumph descending',
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom'
On the cold cheek of death' smiles' and roses' are blending',
And beauty immortal' awakes from the tomb'."

BEATTIE.

SECTION II.

The beggar's petition.

- PITY the sorrows of a poor old man',
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door';
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span';
 Oh! give relief', and Heaven will bless your store'.
- 2 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak';
 These hoary locks' proclaim my lengthen'd years';
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek',
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears'.
- 3 Yon house', erected on the rising ground',
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road';
 For plenty there a residence has found',
 And grandeur a magnificent abode'.
- 4 Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor';
 Here', as I crav'd a morsel of their bread',
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door',
 'To seek a shelter in an humbler shed'.
- 5 Oh! take me to your hospitable dome';
 Keen blows the wind', and piercing is the cold';
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb';
 For I am poor', and miserably old'.
- 6 Should I reveal the sources of my grief',
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast',
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief';
 And tears of pity' would not be repress'.
- 7 Heav'n sends misfortunes'; why should we repine'?
 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see',
 And your condition may be soon like mine',
 The child of sorrow' and of misery'.
- 8 A little farm was my paternal lot';
 Then', like the lark', I sprightly hail'd the morn';
 But ah! Oppression forc'd me from my cot',
 My cattle died', and blighted was my corn'.
- 9 My daughter', once the comfort of my age',
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home',
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage',
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam'.
- 10 My tender wife', sweet soother of my care';
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree',
 Fell', ling'ring fell', a victim to despair';
 And left the world to wretchedness' and me'

- 11 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man',
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door';
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span';
 Oh! give relief', and Heav'n will bless your store'.

SECTION III.

Unhappy close of life.

- H**OW shocking must thy summons be', O Death',
 To him that is at ease in his possessions';
 Who', counting on long years of pleasure here',
 Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come';
 In that dread moment', how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement';
 Runs to each avenue', and shrieks for help';
 But shrieks in vain'! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving', now no longer hers';
- 2 A little longer'; yet a little longer';
 O might she stay to wash away her stains';
 And fit her for her passage'! Mournful sight'!
 Her very eyes weep blood'; and ev'ry groan
 She heaves is big with horror'. But the foe',
 Like a staunch murd'rer', steady to his purpose',
 Pursues her close', thro' ev'ry lane of life';
 Nor misses once the track', but presses on',
 Till', forc'd at last to the tremendous verge',
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin'.—R. BLAIR.

SECTION IV.

Elegy to pity.

- H**AIL, lovely pow'r'! whose bosom heaves the sigh',
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress';
 Whose tears', spontaneous', crystallize the eye',
 When rigid fate' denies the pow'r to bless'.
- 2 Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads', can with that sigh compare';
 Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray',
 Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear'.
- 3 Devoid of fear', the fawns around thee play';
 Emblem of peace', the dove before thee flies';
 No blood-stain'd traces' mark thy blameless way';
 Beneath thy feet', no hapless insect dies'.
- 4 Come', lovely nymph', and range the mead with me',
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe':
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free';
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow'.

- 5 And when the air with heat ~~meridian~~ glows',
 And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam',
 Let us', slow wand'ring where the current flows',
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream'.
- 6 Or turn to nobler', greater tasks thy care',
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart':
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share',
 And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart'.
- 7 Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief';
 With timely aid', the widow's woes assuage';
 To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief':
 And be the sure resource of drooping age'.
- 8 So when the genial spring of life shall fade',
 And sinking nature own the dread decay',
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid',
 And gild the close of life's eventful day'.

SECTION V.

*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his
 solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernando.*

- I AM monarch of all I survey',
 My right there is none to dispute';
 From the centre' all round to the sea',
 I am lord of the fowl' and the brute'.
 Oh solitude'! where are the charms',
 That *sages* have seen in thy face'?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms',
 Than reign in *this* horrible place'.
- 2 I am out of humanity's reach';
 I must finish my journey alone';
 Never hear the sweet music of speech';
 I start at the sound of my own'.
 The beasts that roam over the plain',
 My form with indifference see':
 They are so unacquainted with man',
 Their tameness is shocking to me'.
- 3 Society', friendship', and love',
 Divinely bestow'd upon man',
 Oh had I the wings of a dove',
 How soon would I taste you again'!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion' and truth';
 Might learn from the wisdom of age',
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth'.

- 4 Religion! what treasure untold',
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver or gold',
 Or all that this earth can afford'.
 But the sound of the church-going bell',
 These valleys and rocks never heard';
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell',
 Or smil'd when a Sabbath appear'd'.
- 5 Ye winds that have made me your sport',
 Convey to this desolate shore',
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more'.
 My friends', do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me'?
 O tell me I yet have a friend',
 Though a friend I am never to see'.
- 6 How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight',
 The tempest itself lags behind',
 And the swift-winged arrows of light'.
 When I think of my own native land',
 In a moment I seem to be there';
 But', alas! recollection at hand',
 Soon hurries me back to despair'.
- 7 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest',
 The beast is laid down in his lair';
 Even *here* is a season of rest',
 And I to my cabin repair'.
 There's mercy in every place';
 And mercy—encouraging thought!—
 Gives even *affliction* a grace',
 And reconciles man to his lot'.—COWPER.

SECTION VI.

Gratitude.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies', O my God!
 My rising soul surveys',
 Transported with the view', I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise'.
- 2 O how shall words', with equal warmth',
 The gratitude declare',
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But *thou* canst read it there'.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd',
 And all my wants redrest',

When in the silent womb I lay',
And hung upon the breast'.

4 To all my weak complaints' and cries'
Thy mercy lent an ear',
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd'
To form themselves in pray'r'.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul',
Thy tender care bestow'd',
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd'.

6 When', in the slipp'ry paths of youth',
With heedless steps', I ran',
Thine arm', unseen', convey'd me safe',
And led me up to man'.

7 Through hidden dangers', toils', and deaths',
It gently clear'd my way';
And through the pleasing snares of vice',
More to be fear'd than they'.

8 When worn with sickness', oft hast thou',
With health renew'd my face';
And', when in sins' and sorrows sunk',
Reviv'd my soul with grace'.

9 Thy bounteous hand', with worldly bliss',
Has made my cup run o'er';
And', in a kind' and faithful friend',
Has doubled all my store'.

10 Ten thousand', thousand precious gifts',
My daily thanks employ';
Nor is the least a cheerful heart',
That tastes those gifts with joy'.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life',
Thy goodness I'll pursue';
And', after death', in distant worlds',
The glorious theme renew'.

12 When nature fails', and day' and night'
Divide thy works no more',
My ever-grateful heart', O Lord'!
Thy mercy shall adore'.

13 Through all eternity', to thee',
A joyful song I'll raise';
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise'.—ADDISON.

SECTION VII.

A man perishing in the snow; from whence reflections are raised on the miseries of life.

AS thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce,
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving field, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on,
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps.
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt.

- 2 How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When, for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
- 3 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent, beyond the pow'r of frost!
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
- 4 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
- 5 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingled storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

- 6 Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasures, pow'r, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain!
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man!
- 7 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs! How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty! How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse!
- 8 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress! How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish! Thought, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.—THOMSON.

SECTION VIII.

A morning hymn.

THESE are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lower works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

- 2 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
- 3 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great MAKER still new praise.
- 4 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great AUTHOR rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
- 5 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
- 6 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, UNIVERSAL LORD! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.—MILTON.

CHAPTER VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Ode to content.

O THOU', the nymph with placid eye'
 O seldom found', yet ever nigh'
 Receive my temp'rate vow'.
 Not all the storms that shake the pole'
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul',
 And smooth', unalter'd brow'.

2 O come', in simplest vest array'd',
 With all thy sober cheer display'd',
 To bless my longing sight';
 Thy mien compos'd', thy even pace',
 Thy meek regard', thy matron grace',
 And chaste subdu'd delight'.

3 No more by varying passions beat',
 O gently guide my pilgrim feet
 To find thy hermit cell':
 Where in some pure and equal sky',
 Beneath thy soft indulgent eye',
 The modest virtues dwell'.

4 Simplicity' in attic vest',
 And innocence', with candid breast',
 And clear undaunted eye';
 And Hope', who points to distant years',
 Fair', opening thro' this vale of tears',
 A vista to the sky'.

5 There Health', thro' whose calm bosom glide'
 The temp'rate joys in even tide',
 That rarely ebb' or flow';
 And Patience there', thy sister meek',
 Presents her mild', unvarying cheek',
 To meet the offer'd blow'.

6 Her influence taught the Phrygian sage'
 A tyrant master's wanton rage',
 With settled smiles', to meet':

- Inur'd to toil' and bitter bread',
 He bow'd his meek', submitted head',
 And kiss'd thy sainted feet'.
- 7 But thou', O nymph', retir'd' and coy!
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale?
 The lowliest children of the ground',
 Moss-rose' and violet', blossom round',
 And lily of the vale'.
- 8 O say what soft propitious hour
 I best may choose to hail thy pow'r',
 And court thy gentle sway?
 When autumn', friendly to the muse',
 Shall thy own modest tints diffuse',
 And shed thy milder day'?
- 9 When eve', her dewy star beneath',
 Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe',
 And ev'ry storm is laid'?
 If such an hour was e'er thy choice',
 Oft let me hear thy soothing voice',
 Low whisp'ring through the shade'.—BARBAULD.

SECTION II.

The shepherd and the philosopher.

- REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain',
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain';
 His head was silver'd o'er with age',
 And long experience made him sage';
 In summer's heat' and winter's cold',
 He fed his flock', and penn'd the fold';
 His hours in cheerful labour flew',
 Nor envy' nor ambition' knew':
 His wisdom' and his honest fame',
 Through all the country', rais'd his name'.
- 2 A deep philosopher' (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools')
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought',
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought'.
 "Whence is thy learning'? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil'?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd',
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd'?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd',
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind'?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses' thrown',
 By various fates', on realms unknown',

Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs', laws', and manners weigh'd'?"

- 3 The shepherd modestly replied',
"I ne'er the paths of learning tried';
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts',
To read mankind', their laws', and arts';
For man is practis'd in disguise';
He cheats the most discerning eyes'.
Who by that search shall wiser grow'?
By that ourselves we never know'.
The little knowledge I have gain'd',
Was all from simple nature drain'd';
Hence my life's maxims', took their rise',
Hence grew my settled hate of vice'.

- 4 The daily labours of the bee',
Awake my soul to industry'.
Who can observe the careful ant',
And not provide for future want'?
My dog' (the trustiest of his kind')
With gratitude inflames my mind'.
I mark his true', his faithful way',
And', in my service', copy Tray',
In constancy and nuptial love',
I learn my duty from the dove'.
The hen', who from the chilly air',
With pious wing', protects her care',
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large',
Instructs me in a parent's charge'.

- 5 From nature too I take my rule',
To shun contempt' and ridicule',
I never', with important air',
In conversation overbear'.
Can grave and formal pass for wise',
When men the solemn owl despise'?
My tongue within my lips I rein';
For who talks much' must talk in vain'.
We from the wordy torrent fly':
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye'?
Nor would I', with felonious flight',
By stealth invade my neighbour's right'.

- 6 Rapacious animals we hate';
Kites', hawks, and wolver', deserve their fate'.
Do not we just abhorrence find'
Against the toad and serpent kind'?
But envy', calumny', and spite',
Bear stronger venom in their bite'.

Thus ev'ry object of creation',
Can furnish hints to contemplation';
And', from the most minute' and mean',
A virtuous mind can morals glean'."

- 7 "Thy fame is just'," the sage replies',
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise'.
Pride often guides the author's pen',
Books as affected are as men':
But he who studies nature's laws',
From certain truth his maxims draws';
And those', without our schools', suffice
To make men moral', good', and wise'."—GAY.

SECTION III.

The road to happiness open to all men.

- C 'happiness! our being's end' and aim!'
Good', pleasure', ease', content'! whate'er thy name';
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh',
For which we bear to live', or dare to die':
Which still so near us', yet beyond us lies';
O'erlook'd, seen double', by the fool' and wise';
Plant of celestial seed', if dropt below',
Say', in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow'?
- 2 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shrine',
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine'?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield',
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field'?
Where grows'? where grows it not'? if vain our toil',
We ought to blame the culture', not the soil',
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere';
'Tis *no* where to be found', or *ev'ry* where';
'Tis never to be bought', but always free';
And', fled from monarchs', St. John'! dwells with thee'.
Ask of the learn'd the way'. The learn'd are blind';
This bids to serve', and that to shun mankind':
Some place the bliss in action', some in ease';
Those call it pleasure', and contentment these';
Some sunk to beasts', find pleasure end in pain';
Some swell'd to gods', confess ev'n virtue vain':
Or indolent', to each extreme they fall',
To trust in ev'ry thing', or doubt of all'.
Who thus define it', say they more' or less
Than this', that happiness' is happiness'?
Take nature's path', and mad opinions leave',
All states can reach it', and all heads conceive';
Obvious her goods', in no extreme they dwell';

There needs but thinking right', and meaning well',
And mourn our various portions as we please',
Equal is common sense', and common ease'.

Remember', man', "the universal cause",
Acts not by partial', but by gen'ral laws';
And makes what happiness we justly call',
Subsist not in the good of one', but all'.—POPE.

SECTION IV.

The goodness of Providence.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare',
And feed me with a shepherd's care';
His presence shall my wants supply',
And guard me with a watchful eye';
My noon-day walks he shall attend',
And all my midnight hours defend'.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint',
Or on the thirsty mountains pant';
To fertile vales', and dewy meads',
My weary wand'ring steps he leads',
Where peaceful rivers', soft' and slow',
Amid the verdant landscape flow'.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread',
With gloomy horrors overspread',
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill'.
For thou', O Lord', art with me still':
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid',
And guide me through the dreadful shade'.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way',
Through devious lonely wilds I stray',
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile';
The barren wilderness shall smile',
With sudden greens' and herbage' crown'd',
And streams shall murmur all around'.—ADDISON.

SECTION V.

The Creator's works attest his greatness.

THE spacious firmament on high',
With all the blue ethereal sky',
And spangled heav'ns', a shining frame',
Their great Original proclaim':
Th' unwearied sun', from day' to day',
Does his Creator's pow'r display',
And publishes to ev'ry land',
The work of an Almighty hand'.

- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And, nightly', to the list'ning earth',
Repeats the story of her birth':
Whilst all the stars that round her burn',
1 And all the planets in their turn',
Confirm the tidings as they roll',
And spread the truth from pole' to pole'.
- 3 What though', in solemn silence', all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice' nor sound',
Amid their radiant orbs be found'!
In reason's ear they all rejoice',
And utter forth a glorious voice';
For ever singing as they shine',
"The hand that made us', is Divine'."—ADDISON.

SECTION VI.

An address to the Deity.

- O THOU'! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame',
That flame to tempest', and that tempest tame':
Earth's meanest son', all trembling', prostrate falls',
And on the bounty of thy goodness calls'.
- 2 O! give the winds all past offence to sweep',
To scatter wide', or bury in the deep'.
Thy pow'r', my weakness', may I ever see',
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee'.
Reign o'er my will', my passions ebb and flow
At thy command', nor human motive know'!
If anger boil', let anger be my praise',
And sin the graceful indignation raise'.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd',
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd'.
- 3 O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom made'!
May sea' and land', and earth' and heav'n', be join'd'.
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind'!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll',
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance' shake my soul'!
When earth's in bloom', or planets proudly shine',
Adore', my heart', the Majesty divine'!
- 4 Grant I may ever', at the morning ray',
Open with pray'r the consecrated day'.

- Tune thy great praise', and bid my soul arise',
 And with the mounting sun ascend the skies';
 As that advances', let my zeal improve',
 And glow with ardour of consummate love';
 Nor cease at eve', but with the setting sun',
 My endless worship shall be still begun'.
- 5 And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night',
 To sacred thought may forcibly invite'.
 When this world's shut', and awful planets rise',
 Call on our minds', and raise them to the skies';
 Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight',
 And show all nature in a milder light';
 How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides';
 How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides'!
- 6 Oh how divine! to tread the milky way',
 To the bright palace of the Lord of Day';
 His court admire', or for his favour sue',
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew';
 Pleas'd to look down and see the world asleep';
 While I long vigils to its Founder keep'!
 Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh control',
 Subdue by force', the rebel in my soul';
 Thou', who canst still the raging of the flood',
 Restrain the various tumults of my blood';
 Teach me', with equal firmness', to sustain
 Alluring pleasure', and assaulting pain'.
- 7 O may I pant for thee in each desire'!
 And with strong faith foment the holy fire'!
 Stretch out my soul in hope', and grasp the prize',
 Which in eternity's deep bosom lies'!
 At the great day of recompense behold',
 Devoid of fear', the fatal book unfold'!
 Then', wafted upward to the blissful seat',
 From age' to age' my grateful song repeat';
 My Light', my Life', my God', my Saviour', see',
 And rival angels in the praise of thee'!—YOUNG.

SECTION VII.

The pursuit of happiness often ill-directed.

- THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er nature's soft repose';
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky',
 Nor ruffling tempest blows'.
- 2 Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest',
 The throbbing heart lies still';

And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will'.

- 3 In silence hush'd to reason's voice'
Attends each mental pow'r':
Come', dear Emilia', and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour'.
- 4 Come', while the peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round';
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of happiness be found'?
- 5 Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell';
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom',
That shades the hermit's cell'?
- 6 How oft the laughing brow of joy',
A sick'ning heart conceals'!
And', through the cloister's deep recess',
Invading sorrow steals'.
- 7 In vain', through beauty', fortune', wit',
The fugitive we trace';
It dwells not in the faithless smile':
That brightens Clodia's face'.
- 8 Perhaps the joy to these deny'd',
The heart in friendship finds':
Ah'! dear delusion', gay conceit'
Of visionary minds'!
- 9 Howe'er our varying notions rove',
Yet all agree in one',
To place its being in some state',
At distance from our own'.
- 10 O blind to each indulgent aim',
Of power supremely wise',
Who fancy happiness in aught'
The hand of Heav'n denies'!
- 11 Vain is alike the joy we see',
And vain what we possess',
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace'.
- 12 To temper'd wishes', just desires',
Is happiness confin'd';
And', deaf to folly's call', attends
The music of the mind'.—CARTER.

SECTION VIII.

The Fire-Side.

- DEAR Chloe', while the busy crowd',
 The vain', the wealthy', and the proud',
 In folly's maze advance';
 Tho' singularity and pride
 Be call'd our choice', we'll step aside',
 Nor join the giddy dance'.
- 2 From the gay world', we'll oft retire
 To our own family' and fire',
 Where love our hours employs';
 No noisy neighbour enters here',
 No intermeddling stranger near',
 To spoil our heart-felt joys'.
- 3 If solid happiness we prize',
 Within our breast this jewel lies';
 And they are fools who roam';
 The world has nothing to bestow';
 From our own selves our joys must flow',
 And that dear hut, our home'.
- 4 Of rest was Noah's dove bereft',
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat', the ark';
 Giving her vain excursion o'er',
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark'.
- 5 Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs',
 We', who improve his golden hours',
 By sweet experience know',
 That marriage rightly understood',
 Gives to the tender' and the good',
 A paradise below'.
- 6 Our babes shall richest comfort bring';
 If tutor'd right', they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise';
 We'll form their minds', with studious care
 To all that's manly', good', and fair',
 And train them for the skies'.
- 7 While they our wisest hours engage',
 They'll joy our youth', support our age',
 And crown our hoary hairs';
 They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day'.
 And thus our fondest loves repay',
 And recompense our cares'.

- 8 No borrow'd joys! they're all our own',
While to the world we live unknown',
Or by the world forgot':
Monarchs! we envy not your state';
We look with pity on the great',
And bless our humbler lot'.
- 9 Our portion is not large', indeed'!
But then how little do we need'!
For nature's calls are few'.
In this the art of living lies',
To want no more than may suffice',
And make that little do'.
- 10 We'll therefore relish', with content',
Whate'er kind Providence has sent',
Nor aim beyond our pow'r';
For if our stock be very small'
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all',
Nor lose the present hour'.
- 11 To be resign'd', when ills betide',
Patient when favours are denied',
And pleas'd with favours giv'n':
Dear Chloë, this is wisdom's part';
This is that incense of the heart',
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n'.
- 12 We'll ask no long protracted treat',
Since winter-life is seldom sweet';
But when our feast is o'er',
Grateful from table we'll arise',
Nor grudge our sons', with envious eyes'.
The relics of our store'.
- 13 Thus', hand' in hand', thro' life we'll go';
Its checker'd paths of joy' and wo',
With cautious steps, we'll tread';
Quit its vain scenes without a tear',
Without a trouble' or a fear',
And mingle with the dead'.
- 14 While conscience', like a faithful friend',
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend',
And cheer our dying breath';
Shall', when all other comforts cease',
Like a kind angel whisper peace',
And smooth the bed of death'.—COTTON.

SECTION IX.

Providence vindicated in the present state of man.

- H**EAV'N from all creatures', hides the book of fate';
 All but the page prescrib'd', their present state';
 From brutes' what men', from men' what spirits know';
 Or who could suffer being here below'?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day',
 Had he thy reason', would he skip and play'?
 Pleas'd to the last', he crops the flow'ry food',
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood'.
- 2 Oh blindness to the future'! kindly giv'n',
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n';
 Who sees with equal eye', as God of all',
 A hero perish', or a sparrow fall';
 Atoms' or systems' into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst', and now a world'.
- 3 Hope humbly then'; with trembling pinions soar';
 Wait the great teacher', Death'; and God adore'.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know',
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now'.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast':
 Man never is', but always to be blest'.
 The soul', uneasy', and confin'd from home',
 Rests' and expatiates' in a life to come'.
- 4 Lo', the poor Indian'! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds', or hears him in the wind';
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk' or Milky Way';
 Yet', simple nature to his hope has giv'n',
 Behind the cloud-topt hill', a humbler heav'n';
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd',
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste';
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment', no Christians thirst for gold'.
- 5 To be', contents his natural desire';
 He asks no angel's wing', no seraph's fire':
 But thinks', admitted to that equal sky',
 His faithful dog shall bear him company'.
 Go', wiser thou'! and in thy scale of sense',
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence';
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such';
 Say here he gives too little', there too much'.—
- 6 In pride', in reas'ning pride', our error lies':
 All quit their sphere', and rush into the skies'.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes';
 Men would be angels', angels would be gods'.
 Aspiring to be gods', if angels fell',
 Aspiring to be angels', men rebel':
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER', sins against th' ETERNAL CAUSE'.—POPE.

SECTION X.

Selfishness reproved.

- HAS God', thou fool'! work'd solely for thy good',
 Thy joy', thy pastime', thy attire', thy food'?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn',
 For him us kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn'.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings'?
 Joy tunes his voice', joy elevates his wings'.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat'?
 Loves of his own', and raptures swell the note'.
- 2 The bounding steed you pompously bestride',
 Shares with his lord the pleasure', and the pride'.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain'?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain'.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year'?
 Part pays', and justly', the deserving steer'.
 The hog', that ploughs not', nor obeys thy call',
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all'.
- 3 Know', nature's children all divide her care';
 The fur that warms a monarch', warm'd a bear'.
 While man exclaims', "See all things for my use'!"
 "See man for mine'!" replies a pamper'd goose'.
 And just as short of reason he must fall',
 Who thinks all made for one', not one for all'.
- 4 Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control';
 Be man the wit' and tyrant of the whole';
 Nature that tyrant checks': he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants' and woes'.
 Say', will the falcon', stooping from above',
 Smit with her varying plumage', spare the dove'?
 Admires the jay', the insect's gilded wings'?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings'?
- 5 Man cares for all': to birds he gives his woods',
 To beasts his pastures', and to fish his floods';
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide',
 For more his pleasures', yet for more his pride'.
 All fed on one vain patron', and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury'.

- 6 That very life his learned hunger craves',
 He saves from famine', from the savage saves':
 Nay', feasts the animal he dooms his feast';
 And', till he ends the being', makes it blest'.
 Which sees no more the stroke', nor feels the pain',
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain'.
 The creature had his feast of life before';
 Thou too must perish', when thy feast is o'er'!—POPE.

SECTION XI.

Human frailty,

- W**EAK and irresolute is man';
 The purpose of to-day',
 Woven with pains into his plan',
 To-morrow rends away'.
- 2 The bow well bent', and smart the spring',
 Vice seems already slain';
 But passion rudely snaps the string',
 And it revives again'.
- 3 Some foe to his upright intent',
 Finds out his weaker part';
 Virtue engages his assent',
 But pleasure wins his heart'.
- 4 'Tis here the folly of the wise',
 Through all his art we view';
 And while his tongue the charge denies',
 His conscience owns it true'.
- 5 Bound on a voyage of awful length',
 And dangers little known',
 A stranger to superior strength',
 Man vainly trusts his own'.
- 6 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast';
 The breath of heav'n must swell the sail',
 Or all the toil is lost'.—COWPER.

SECTION XII.

Ode to peace.

- C**OME', peace of mind', delightful guest'
 Return', and make thy downy nest',
 Once more in this sad heart';
 Nor riches I', nor pow'r pursue',
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view';
 We therefore need not part'.

- 2 Where wilt thou dwell', if not with me',
 From av'rice' and ambition free',
 And pleasu' 's fatal wiles';
 For whom', alas'! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share',
 The banquet of thy smiles'?
- 3 The great', the gay', shall they partake
 The heav'n that thou alone canst make';
 And wilt thou quit the stream',
 That murmurs through the dewy mead',
 The grove and the sequester'd shade',
 To be a guest with them'?
- 4 For thee I panted', thee I priz'd',
 For thee I gladly sacrific'd
 Whate'er I lov'd before';
 And shall I see thee start away',
 And helpless', hopeless', hear thee say'——
 Farewell', we meet no more'?—COWPER.

SECTION XIII.

Ode to adversity.

- DAUGHTER of Heav'n', relentless power ,
 Thou tamer of the human breast',
 Whose iron scourge', and tort'ring hour',
 The bad affright', afflict the best'!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain',
 The proud are taught to taste of pain',
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before', unpitied' and alone'.
- 2 When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue', his darling child', design'd',
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth',
 And bade to form her infant mind'.
 Stern, rugged nurse'! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore'.
 What sorrow was', thou bad'st her know';
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.
- 3 Scar'd at thy frown terrific', fly
 Self-pleasing folly's idle brood',
 Wild laughter', noise', and thoughtless joy',
 And leave us leisure to be good'.
 Light they disperse'; and with them go
 The summer-friend', the flatt'ring foe'.
 By vain prosperity receiv'd',
 To her they vow their truth', and are again believ'd'.

4 Wisdom', in sable garb array'd',
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound',
 And melancholy', silent maid',
 With leaden eye that loves the ground',
 Still on thy solemn steps attend';
 Warm charity', the gen'ral friend',
 With justice to herself severe',
 And pity', dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear'.

5 Oh! gently', on thy suppliant's head',
 Dread power', lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy gorgon terrors clad',
 Nor circled with the vengeful band',
 (As by the impious thou art seen'),
 With thund'ring voice', and threat'ning mien',
 With screaming horror's fun'ral cry',
 Despair', and fell disease', and ghastly poverty'.

6 Thy form benign', propitious', wear',
 Thy milder influence impart';
 Thy philosophic train be there',
 To soften', not to wound my heart'.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive';
 Teach me to love', and to forgive';
 Exact my own defects to scan';
 What others are to feel'; and know myself a man'.--GRAY.

SECTION XIV.

The creation required to praise its Author.

BEGIN', my soul', th' exalted lay!
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey',
 And praise th' Almighty's name':
 Lo'! heaven' and earth', and seas', and skies',
 In one melodious concert rise',
 To swell th' inspiring theme'.

2 Ye fields of light', celestial plains',
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns',
 Ye scenes divinely fair!
 Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim';
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame',
 And breath'd the fluid air'.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
 While all th' adoring thrones around',
 His boundless mercy sing':
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above',
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love',
 And touch the sweetest string'.

- 4 Join', ye loud spheres', the vocal choir';
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire',
The mighty chorus aid':
Soon as gray ev'ning gilds the plain',
Thou', moon', protract the melting strain',
And praise him in the shade'.
- 5 Thou heav'n of heav'ns', his vast abode';
Ye clouds', proclaim your forming God',
Who call'd yon worlds from night':
"Ye shades dispel'!"—th' Eternal said';
At once th' involving darkness fled',
And nature sprung to light'.
- 6 Whate'er a blooming world contains',
That wings the air', that skims the plains',
United praise bestow':
Ye dragons', sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud'; and roar accl' m',
Ye swelling deeps below'.
- 7 Let ev'ry element rejoice';
Ye thunders burst with awful voice',
To HIM who bids you roll':
His praise in softer notes declare',
Each whispering breeze of yielding air',
And breathe it to the soul'.
- 8 To him', ye grateful cedars', bow';
Ye tow'ring mountains', bending low',
Your great Creator own';
Tell', when affrighted nature shook',
How Sinai kindled at his look',
And trembled at his frown'.
- 9 Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale',
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale',
In mutual concourse rise';
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom',
And waft its spoils', a sweet perfume',
Incense to the skies'.
- 10 Wake all ye mounting tribes', and sing';
Ye plummy warblers of the spring',
Harmonious anthems raise'
To HIM who shap'd your finer mould',
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold',
And tun'd your voice to praise'.
- 11 Let man', by nobler passions sway'd',
The feeling heart', and judging head',
In heav'nly praise employ';

Spread his tremendous name around',
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound',
The gen'ral burst of joy'.

- 12 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please',
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease',
Fall prostrate at his throne':
Ye princes', rulers', all adore';
Praise him', ye kings', who makes your pow'r
An image of his own'.
- 13 Ye fair', by nature form'd to move',
O praise th' eternal SOURCE OF LOVE',
With youth's enliv'ning fire':
Let age take up the tuneful lay'.
Sigh his bless'd name'—then soar away',
And ask an angel's lyre'.—OGILVIE.

SECTION XV.

The universal prayer.

FATHER OF ALL'! in ev'ry age',
In ev'ry clime', ador'd',
By saint', by savage', and by sage',
Jehovah', Jove', or Lord

- 2 Thou GREAT FIRST CAUSE', least understood',
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this', that Thou art good',
And that myself am blind';
- 3 Yet gave me', in this dark estate',
To see the good from ill';
And binding nature fast in fate',
Left free the human will'.
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done',
Or warns me not to do',
This teach me more than hell to shun',
That more than heav'n pursue'.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives',
Let me not cast away';
For God is paid', when man receives',
T' enjoy', is to obey'.
- 6 Yet not to earth's contracted span',
Thy goodness let me bound',
Or think thee Lord alone of man',
When thousand worlds are round'.
- 7 Let not this weak', unknowing hand',
Presume thy bolts to throw';

- And deal damnation round the land',
On each I judge thy foe'.
- 8 If I am right', thy grace impart',
Still in the right to stay';
If I am wrong', oh teach my heart
To find that better way'!
- 9 Save me alike from foolish pride',
Or impious discontent',
At aught thy wisdom has denied',
Or aught thy goodness lent'.
- 10 Teach me to feel another's wo';
To hide the fault I see':
That mercy I to others show',
That mercy show to me'.
- 11 Mean tho' I am', not wholly so',
Since quicken'd by thy breath':
O lead me wheresoe'er I go',
Thro' this day's life' or death'.
- 12 This day', be bread' and peace' my lot'.
All else beneath the sun',
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not',
And let thy will be done'.
- 13 To thee', whose temple is all space',
Whose altar', earth', sea', skies'!
One chorus let all beings raise'!
All nature's incense rise'.—POPE.

SECTION XVI.

Conscience.

- O TREACH'ROUS conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose' and myrtle', lull'd with syren song';
While she seems', nodding o'er her charge', to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein',
And give us up to license', unrecall'd',
Unmark'd';—see', from behind her secret stand',
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault',
And her dread diary with horror fills'.
- 2 Not the gross act alone employs her pen';
She reconnoitres fancy's airy band',
A watchful foe'! the formidable spy',
List'ning o'erhears the whispers of our camp',
Our dawning purposes of heart explores',
And steals our embryo of iniquity'.
- 3 As all rapacious usurers conceal'
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs'.

Thus', with indulgence most severe', she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time';
 Unnoted', notes each moment misapplied';
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass',
 Writes our whole history'; which death shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear';
 And judgment publish'; publish to more worlds
 Than this'; and endless age in groans resound'.—YOUNG.

SECTION XVII.

On an infant.

TO the dark and silent tomb',
 Soon I hasten'd from the womb':
 Scarce the dawn of life began',
 Ere I measur'd out my span'.

2 I nò smiling pleasures knew';
 I no gay delights could view':
 Joyless sojourner was I',
 Only born to weep' and die'.--

3 Happy infant', early bless'd'l
 Rest', in peaceful slumber', rest';
 Early rescu'd from the cares',
 Which increase with growing years'.

4 No delights are worth thy stay',
 Smiling', as they seem', and gay';
 Short and sickly are they all',
 Hardly tasted ere they pall'.

5 All our gaiety is vain',
 All our laughter is but pain',
 Lasting only', and divine',
 Is an innocence like thine'.

SECTION XVIII.

The Cuckoo.

HAIL', beauteous stranger of the wood
 Attendant on the spring'!
 Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat',
 And woods thy welcome sing'.

2 Soon as the daisy decks the green',
 Thy certain voice we hear':
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path',
 Or mark thy rolling year'?

3 Delightful visitant'! with thee
 I hail the time of flow'rs',

le she seems to sleep
 syren song';
 ge', to drop
 , .

et stand',

;

camp';

,

g heirs'.

- When heav'n's fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs\.
- 4 The School-boy', wand'ring in the wood',
To pull the flow'rs so gay',
Starts', thy curious voice to hear',
And imitates thy lay\.
- 5 Soon as the pea puts on the bloom',
Thou fly'st the vocal vale',
An annual guest', in other lands',
Another spring to hail\.
- 6 Sweet bird'! thy bow'r is ever green',
Thy sky is ever clear';
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song',
No winter in thy year'!
- 7 O could I fly', I'd fly with thee';
We'd make', with social wing',
Our annual visit o'er the globe',
Companions of the spring\.—LOGAN.

SECTION XIX.

Day. A pastoral in three parts.

MORNING.

- I**N the barn the tenant cock',
Close to Partlet perch'd on high',
Briskly crows' (the shepherd's clock'!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh\.
- 2 Swiftly', from the mountain's brow',
Shadows', nursed by night', retire',
And the peeping sun-beam', now',
Paints with gold the village spire\.
- 3 Philomel forsakes the thorn',
Plaintive where she prates at night',
And the lark to meet the morn',
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight\.
- 4 From the low-roof'd cottage ridge',
See the chatt'ring swallow spring',
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge',
Quick she dips her dappled wing\.
- 5 Now the pine-tree's waving top',
Gently greets the morning gale',
Kidlings', now', begin to crop
Dais'ies', on the dewy dale\.
- 6 From the balmy sweets', uncloy'd',
(Restless till her task be done',)

- Now the busy bee's employ'd',
Sipping dew before the sun'.
7 Trickling through the crevic'd rock',
Where the limpid stream distils',
Sweet refreshment waits the flock',
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills'.
8 Colin's for the promis'd corn',
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe',)
Anxious';—whilst the huntsman's horn',
Boldly sounding', drowns the pipe'.
9 Sweet!—O sweet', the warbling throng',
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song',
Echoes to the rising day'.

NOON.

- 10 FERVID on the glitt'ring flood',
Now the noontide radiance glows';
Drooping o'er its infant bud',
Not a dew-drop's left the rose'.
11 By the brook the shepherd dines',
From the fierce meridian heat',
Shelter'd by the branching pines',
Pendant o'er his grassy seat'.
12 Now the flock forsakes the glade',
Where', uncheck'd', the sun-beams fall',
Sure to find a pleasing shade'
By the ivy'd abbey wall'.
13 Echo', in her airy round',
O'er the river', rock', and hill',
Cannot catch a single sound',
Save the clack of yonder mill'.
14 Cattle court the zephyrs bland',
Where the streamlet wanders cool';
Or with languid silence stand'
Midway in the marshy pool'.
15 But from mountain', dell', or stream',
Not a fluttering zephyr springs';
Fearful lest the noontide beam',
Scorch its soft', its silken wings'.
16 Not a leaf has leave to stir';
Nature's lull'd'—serene'—and still':
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur',
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill'.

- 17 Languid is the landscape round',
Till the fresh descending show'r',
Grateful to thy thirsty ground',
Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r'.
18 Now the hill—the hedge—are green',
Now the warbler's throat's in tune';
Blithesome is the verdant scene',
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon'!

EVENING.

- 19 O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free'; (the furrow'd task is done');
Now the village windows blaze',
Burnish'd by the setting sun'.
20 Now he sets behind the hill',
Sinking from a golden sky':
Can the pencil's mimic skill',
Copy the refulgent dye'?
21 Trudging as the ploughmen go',
(To the smoking hamlet bound'),
Giant-like their shadows grow',
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground'.
22 Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds',
See the rocks returning home'.
23 As the lark', with varied tune',
Carols to the ev'ning loud';
Mark the mild resplendent moon',
Breaking through a parted cloud'.
24 Now the hermit owl peeps',
From the barn' or twisted brake';
And the blue mist slowly creeps',
Curling on the silver lake'.
25 As the trout in speckled pride',
Playful from its bosom springs';
To the bank a ruffled tide',
Verges in successive rings'.
26 Tripping through the silken grass',
O'er the path-divided dale',
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass',
With her well-pois'd milking pail'.
27 Linnets with unnumber'd notes',
And the cuckoo bird with two',

Tuning sweet their mellow throats',
 Bid the setting sun adieu'.—CUNNINGHAM.

SECTION XX.

The order of nature.

SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below;
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature ethereal, human; angel, man;
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach, from infinite to thee,
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd.
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

- 2 And, if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let earth, unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd;
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm! Oh madness! pride! impiety!
- 3 What if the foot ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.
- 4 All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul:
 That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small:
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

- 5 Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good;
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—POPE.

SECTION XXL

Confidence in Divine protection.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise!
- 5 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r,
My soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For tho' in dreadful whirls we hang
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.—ADDISON.

SECTION XXII.

Hymn on a review of the seasons.

- THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderness and love,
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.
- 2 Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
- 3 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore;
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.
- 4 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine.
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,

- Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade,
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
- 5 But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
- 6 Nature, attend! join ev'ry living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky;
 In adoration join! and, ardent raise
 One general song! —————
 Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn!
- 7 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows; the summer ray
 Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
 Or winter rises in the black'ning east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
- 8 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
- 9 When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From seeming evil still educing good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THOMPSON.

SECTION XXIII.

On Solitude.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid !
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or, at the purple dawn of day,
 'Tadmor's marble waste survey :
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue,
 Whom'd conceit himself surveying,
 Wholly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud elbowing insolence,
 Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence,
 Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion, with a foppling's face,
 (Ignorant of time and place,)
 Sparks of fire dissension blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred flattery bowing,
 Restraint's stiffneck, grimace's leer,
 Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer,
 Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
 Fly thy presence, Solitude !

- 3 Sage reflection, bent with years,
 Conscious virtue, void of fears,
 Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy,
 Meditation's piercing eye,
 Hallowed peace on moss reclin'd,
 Retrospect that scans the mind,
 Rapt earth-gazing revery,
 Blushing artless modesty,
 Health that snuffs the morning air,
 Full-ey'd truth with bosom bare,
 Inspiration, nature's child,
 Seek the solitary wild.
- 4 When all nature's hush'd asleep,
 Nor love, nor guilt, their vigils keep,
 Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
 And wander o'er the works of men;
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
 By her dappled coursers drawn,

- Again you to your wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pass along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view,
Devotion lends her heav'n plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
- 5 But when the mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game:
And there, beneath an oak reelin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.
- 6 With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter ev'ry sweet perfume;
Purer ev'ry fountain flows,
Stronger ev'ry wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? An empty bubble!
Gold! A shining, constant trouble.
Let them for their country bleed!
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain;
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
- 7 Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sybil grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's plastic hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd;
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits;
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine;
The bournless macrocosm's thine.

- 8 Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
 And disappointment seems entail'd;
 Since all on earth I valu'd most,
 My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;
 O solitude, now give me rest,
 And hush the tempest in my breast.
 O gently deign to guide my feet
 To your hermit-trodden seat;
 Where I may live at last my own,
 Where I at last may die unknown.
 I spoke; she turn'd her magic ray;
 And thus she said, or seem'd to say:
- 9 Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
 In shades, a med'cine for a troubled mind:
 Wan grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
 Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow.
 There pale inaction pines his life away;
 And satiate mourns the quick return of day:
 There, naked frenzy laughing wild with pain,
 Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
 There superstition broods o'er all her fears,
 And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.
 But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
 And bid to social life a last farewell;
 'Tis impious.——
- 10 God never made an independent man;
 'Twould jar the concord of his general plan.
 See every part of that stupendous whole,
 " Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"
 To one great end, the general good, conspire,
 From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
 Should man through nature solitary roam,
 His will his sovereign, every where his home,
 What force would guard him from the lion's jaw?
 What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?
 Or, should fate lead him to some safer shore,
 Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar,
 Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
 Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows;
 Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the shore,
 Absolve the care of Heav'n, nor ask for more?
 Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phoebus shone,
 He'd sigh, he'd murmur, that he was alone.
 For know, the Maker on the human breast,
 A sense of kindred, country, man, impress'd.
- 11 Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
 And well deserve inquiry's serious care,

The God, (whate'er misanthropy may say,)
 Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
 What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
 Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
 What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam?
 If thou, O man, a stranger art at home.
 Then know thyself, the human mind survey;
 The use, the pleasure, will the toil repay.

- 12 Nor study only, practice what you know;
 Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe,
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
 Those who in study, should in practice shine.
 Say, does the learned lord of Hagley's shade,
 Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
 As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then public virtue might to shades retreat:
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
 And freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee.

- 13 Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown,
 Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
 Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains;
 Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
 On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
 Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
 But know, adversity's the child of God:
 Whom Heaven approves of most, must feel her rod.
 When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
 Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
 But when the demons of the tempest rave,
 Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.

- 14 Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
 Who would not wish Anytus*—for a foe?
 Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate;
 The good can never be unfortunate.
 And be this maxim graven in thy mind;
 The height of virtue is, to serve mankind.
 But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
 When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
 Then mayst thou seek the stillness of retreat,
 Then hear aloof the human tempest beat;
 Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
 Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

GRAINGER.

* One of the accusers of Socrates.

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